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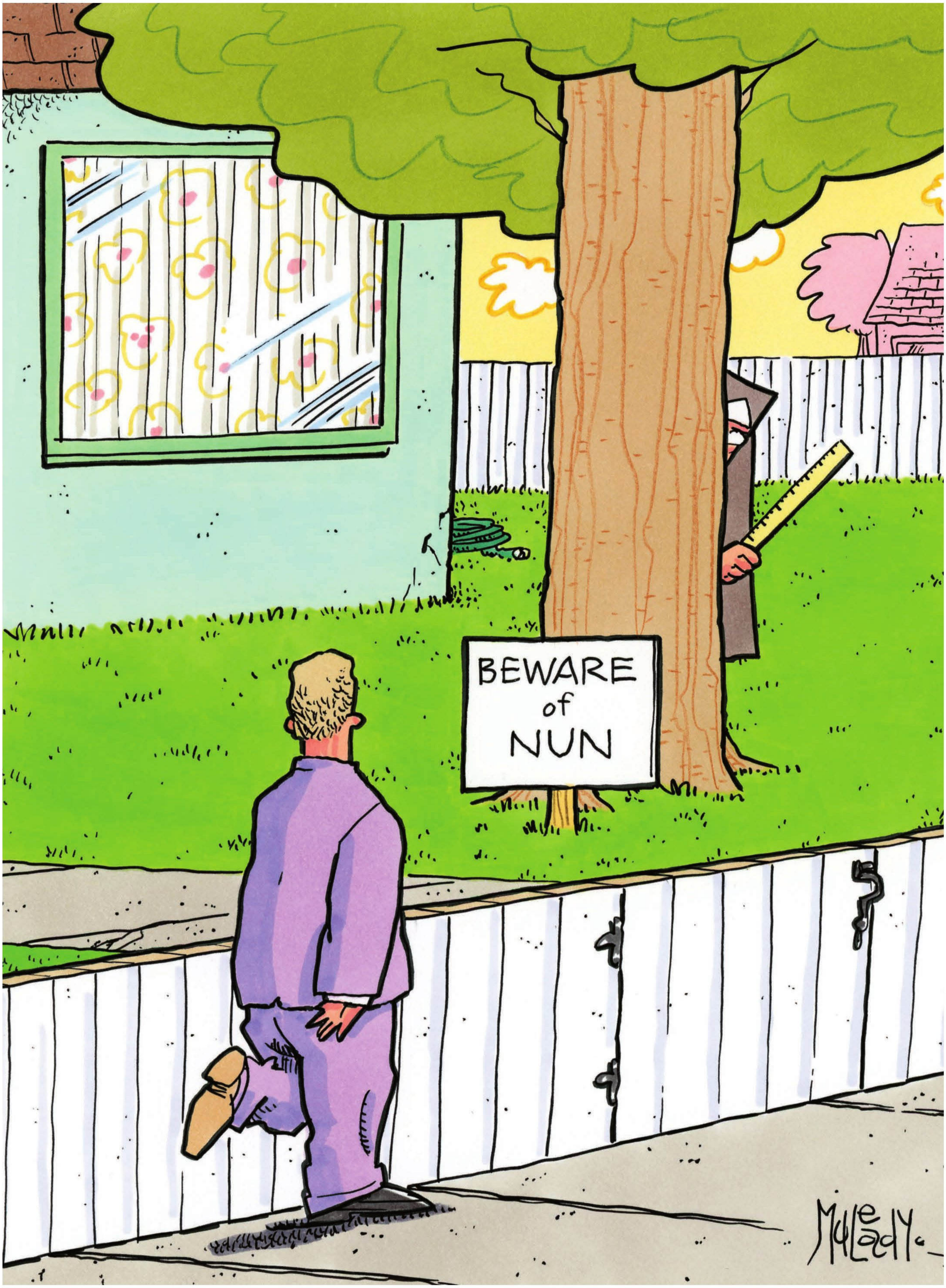
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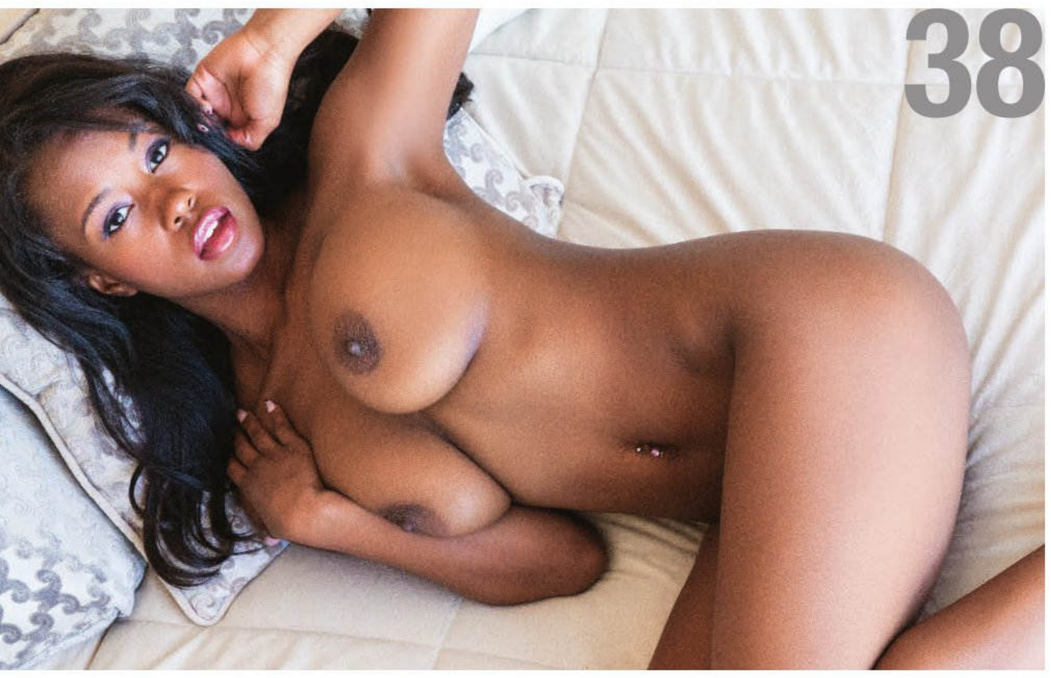

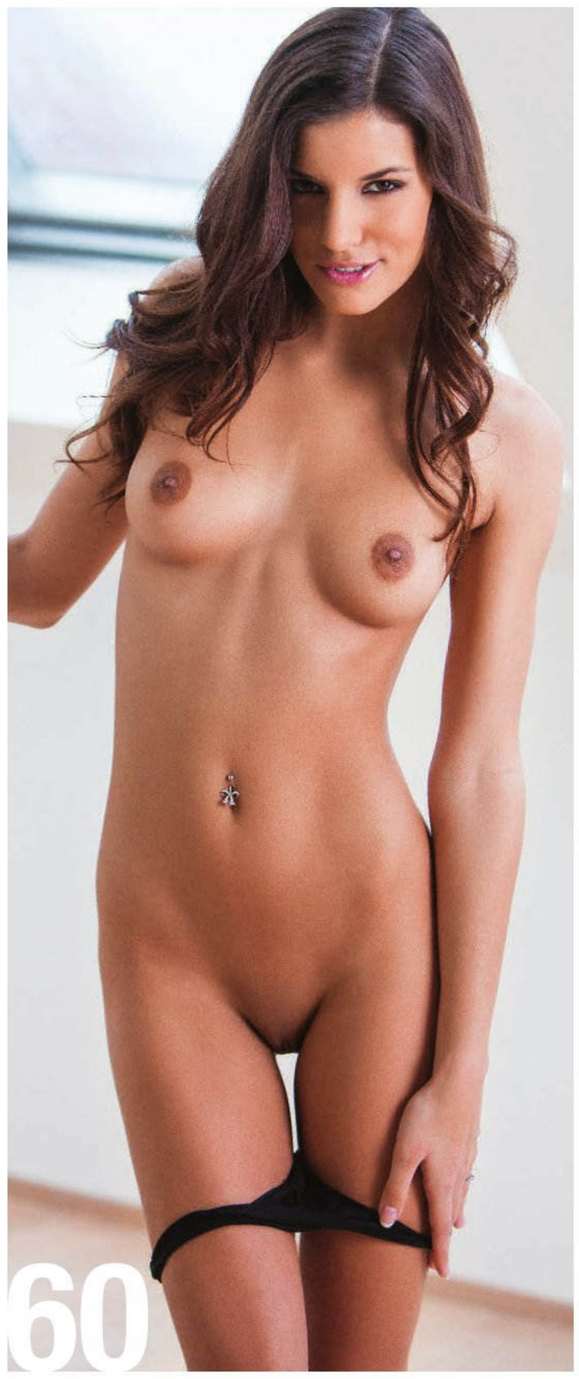

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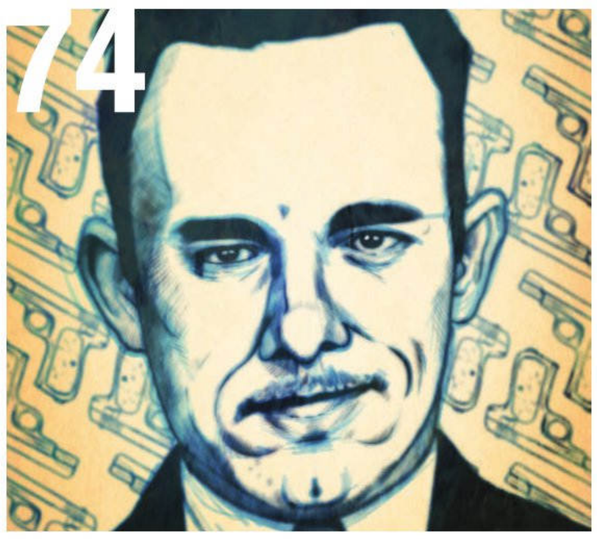

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GOP CHEERS ON CLIMATE CATASTROPHE

Last year the Republicans launched a preemptive sneak attack on the Paris climate summit, sending a special ops team of diplomatic saboteurs abroad to warn that any agreement made by Obama will likely be repealed or undercut by Republicans in control of Congress, and maybe by the White House after the next election.

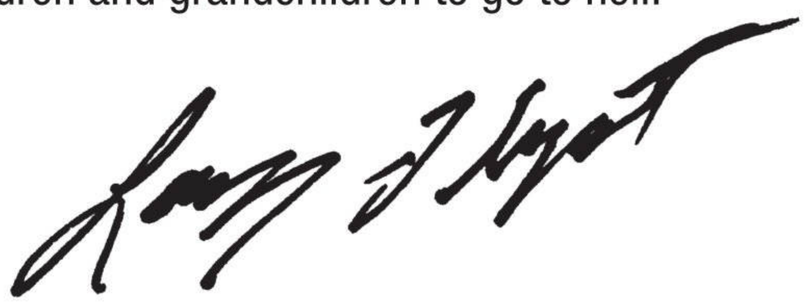
It's not enough that the GOP plans to monkey-wrench Obama's Clean Power Plan in order to ensure oil company profits. Now it aims to export this idiocy to foreign nations.

Eighteen years after Kyoto, we've essentially done nothing to curb greenhouse gas emissions, even as the evidence of vastly disruptive climate change and anthropogenic causation has mounted to near unanimous certainty among thousands of scientists. We no longer have the luxury of procrastination and greed-obsessed denial. Paris is where we make a fateful decision for global cooperative action—like the intelligent species we purport to be—or backslide into selfish, shortsighted conflict and competition that will ultimately harm us all.

The evidence is now overwhelming: global temperature increases (20 of the warmest recorded years occurring since 1981), oceans warming and acidifying as levels rise, shrinking ice sheets, glacial retreats, declining snow cover, and increasingly destructive extreme weather events wreaking havoc across the planet.

It's become mandatory for Republicans to repeat this mantra at every opportunity: "I'm not a scientist, but…I just don't believe in man-caused climate change." As if it's a matter of faith, intuition and feeling, instead of responsible acknowledgment of empirical evidence. What good are science, research and the big brains that God or evolution endowed us with if our political leaders aren't going to make use of them? We can either employ our now vast knowledge of natural processes and our technological ingenuity to solve problems—or we can indulge myopic ignorance, greed and stupidity to usher in the new Dark Ages.

At all costs, the Republican sabotage of climate-change mitigation must be stopped, or we'll essentially be telling our children and grandchildren to go to hell.



Larry Flynt
Publisher

"You misunderstood us. When we said gays could marry, we meant a female lesbian and a male homosexual could get married."

MASSIVE BETRAYAL

AMERICA TRIGGERED EUROPE'S MIGRANT CRISIS, YET DOESN'T WANT TO OPEN ITS OWN DOORS.

Where did all of those people come from? This past September the world's conscience was suddenly confronted by an unprecedented stream of migrants and refugees—mostly from Syria, but also from Iraq, Libya, Kosovo and Afghanistan—seeking asylum in Europe. Some countries, notably Hungary, turned their backs on those suffering foreigners.

Others, led by Germany and Sweden, acted more supportively. So did Pope Francis. But most startling was the splendid indifference displayed by the United States, the one nation most responsible for that exodus of biblical proportions.

Recall the wise warning of Colin Powell. As Secretary of State in the George W. Bush Administration, he questioned the rush to overthrow Iraqi dictator Saddam Hussein: "You break it, you own it." But then Powell, a retired general, backed down to the demands of Dick Cheney and other Bushie war hawks to invade Iraq in 2003 under fraudulent pretenses. Massive instability has escalated ever since.

Stoked by U.S. policymakers' abysmal ignorance of Islam's divisive history, the sectarian conflict between Sunni and Shiite factions in Iraq inevitably spilled over into neighboring Syria. Soon large swaths of both countries would be controlled by the Islamic State (aka ISIS), a fanatical Sunni militant group even more threatening than al-Qaeda.

Catastrophic missteps were made by two American Presidents representing a broad coalition of Republicans and Democrats high on the elixir of imperial hubris. The result of the insane policy of regime change initiated by Bush in Iraq, and followed by Barack Obama in Syria and Libya? All three previously stable, albeit authoritarian, states became totally dysfunctional and dangerous. Millions of their citizens would be disgorged as hapless refugees throughout the world.

So yes, we broke those nations, and we now stamp our feet in exasperation, treating as ingrates those who were forced to flee because the United States and its allies transformed their homelands into a living hell. Thanks to the U.S.-led efforts to destabilize the government of President Bashar al-Assad, 4 million people were severed from their traditional family moorings in Syria and then embarked on a perilous journey only to often be scorned by other societies to which they turned for a better future.

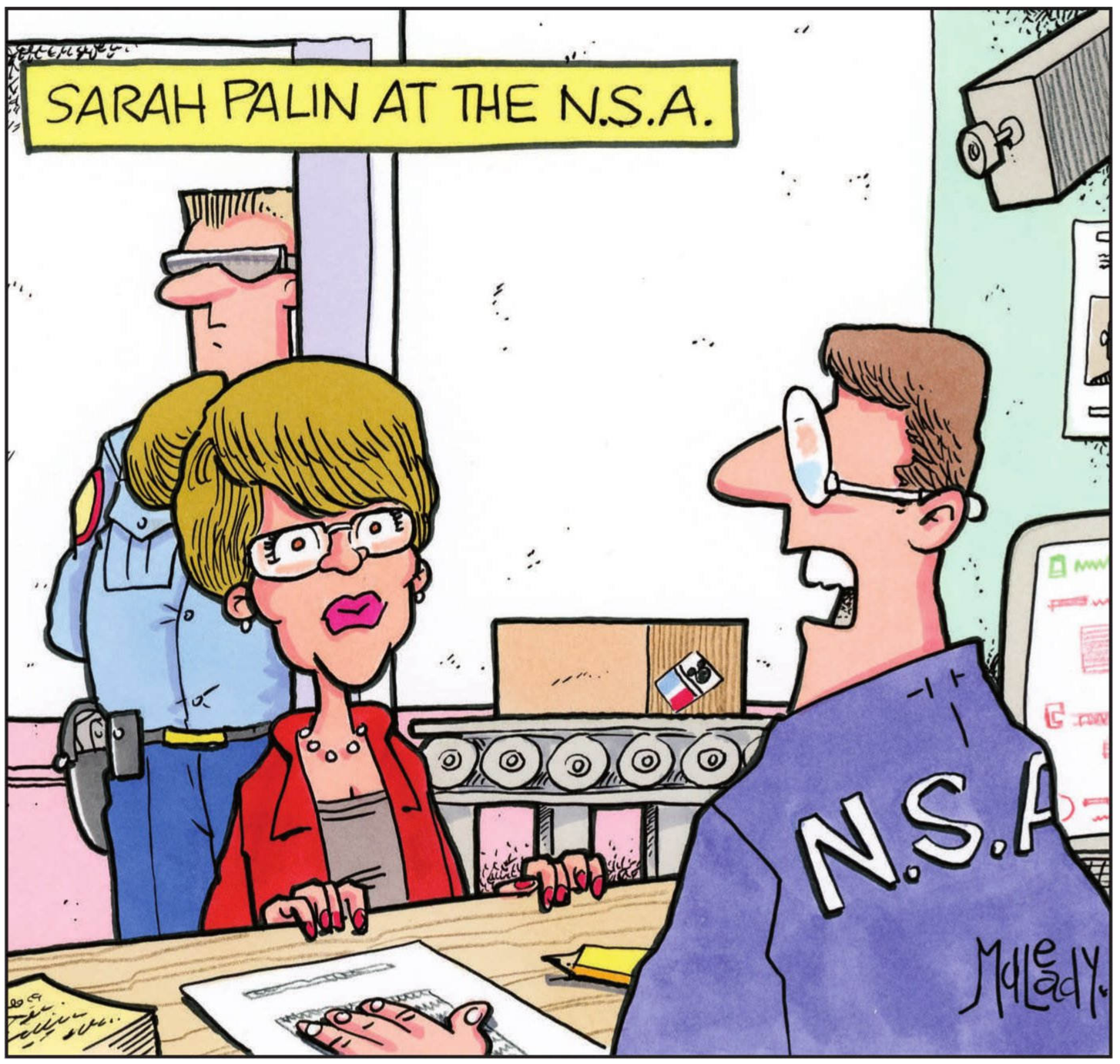
During four years of mayhem as U.S. politicians from both parties cavalierly called for aid to rebel forces—some with ties to al-Qaeda—the U.S accepted only 1,500 refugees from Syria. Whereas the European Union recently agreed to accommodate 120,000 new arrivals throughout its member nations, President Obama consented to raise this country's quota to a measly 10,000 displaced Syrians over the next year.

That's a pittance compared to the 1.3 million Southeast Asian refugees whom the United States helped resettle after its ignominious defeat in the Vietnam War four decades ago. Another large contingent came from the Caribbean. After the disastrous Bay of Pigs invasion in 1961, the number of Cuban émigrés welcomed to our shores grew to 300,000 by 1978. Why are Syrian refugees different?

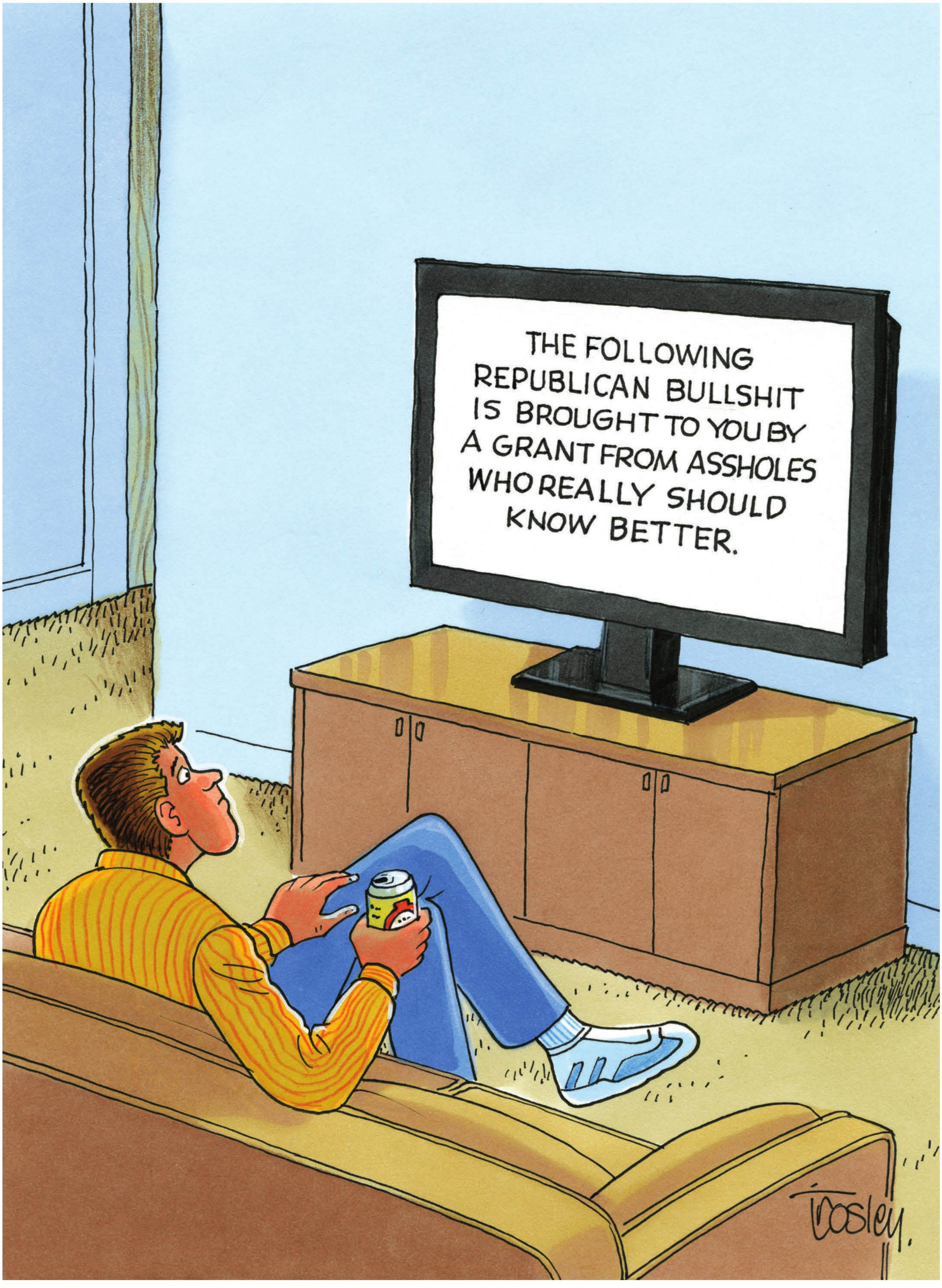
One would think that the proper response to a crisis that the United States itself largely spawned would be one of compassion for those desperate families drowning as their rickety boats descend into dark, raging waters, but no such moral integrity has been forthcoming from Washington. Whatever became of our concern for their freedom, a concern trumpeted to the world by two U.S. Presidents?

Our nation's stony indifference to the plight of refugees from Syria, Iraq, Libya and other war-torn lands is a betrayal of that bold promise written by poet Emma Lazarus and engraved on the pedestal of the Statue of Liberty: "Give me your tired, your poor, your huddled masses yearning to breathe free." But not if some of them happen to be Muslims? H

Robert Scheer, who spent almost 30 years as a *Los Angeles Times* columnist and editor, is now editor of **TruthDig.com**. His latest book is *They Know Everything About You: How Data-Collecting Corporations and Snooping Government Agencies Are Destroying Democracy.*



"I'm sorry, Mrs. Palin. I'd release a transcript of all the intelligence we collected from your residence over the years, but we never detected one single bit of it."


THE FOLLOWING
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IS BROUGHT TO YOU BY
A GRANT FROM ASSHOLES
WHO REALLY SHOULD
KNOW BETTER.
Tooley.

JIM CROW IS BACK!

BUT THIS TIME AROUND, VOTER SUPPRESSION COMES COURTESY OF THE U.S. SUPREME COURT.

In 2006 the U.S. House of Representatives' Republican majority worked with Democrats to hold dozens of exhaustive hearings on whether to reauthorize the Voting Rights Act of 1965 (VRA). "There was a lot of invidious discrimination shown," recalled then-House Judiciary Committee Chairman James Sensenbrenner (R-Wisconsin).

Ultimately, the House (with 33 nays) and a unanimous Senate voted to extend the nation's most important civil rights legislation for another 25 years. After George W. Bush signed the reauthorization, the federal government's power to keep the dark days of voter suppression from returning anytime soon seemed assured.

But then a black Democrat moved into the White House in 2009. All bets were off. Bush appointee John G. Roberts Jr., who had led Ronald Reagan's efforts to curtail the VRA, was Chief Justice of the United States. In June 2013 Roberts carved the heart out of the landmark law with the Supreme Court's *Shelby County* v. *Holder* decision. "The conditions that originally justified these measures no longer characterize voting in the covered jurisdictions," he wrote for the majority.

Dissenting Justice Ruth Bader Ginsburg excoriated the ruling. She noted that removing federal voting protection "when it has worked and is continuing to work…is like throwing away your umbrella in a rainstorm because you are not getting wet."

The intervening years have proven Ginsburg correct. In fact, just hours after the Court struck down the VRA's "preclearance" provision requiring federal approval for new state or local election regulations, Texas announced it would again implement a photo ID law already deemed discriminatory by the U.S. Department of Justice and federal courts under the section of the VRA gutted by Roberts.

In a matter of weeks North Carolina Republicans followed suit, passing not only a photo ID restriction that, as in Texas, disenfranchises hundreds of thousands of legally registered (if Democratic-leaning) voters, but also shortens early voting periods, ends Election Day registration and adds other restrictions that disproportionately affect minorities. Many have described North Carolina's law as the worst voter-suppression legislation since the Jim Crow era.

Ari Berman's book *Give Us the Ballot: The Modern Struggle for Voting Rights in America* discloses that new voting restrictions are on the books in 15 states, "including crucial swing states like Ohio, Wisconsin and Virginia." The upcoming Presidential election, Berman notes, will be the first in almost 50 years without the full protection of the VRA.

Most if not all of those restrictions would likely have been ruled unconstitutional until the Supreme Court trashed the VRA. But don't worry, Chief Justice Roberts wrote. Section 2 still protects against racial discrimination in all 50 states! True. But unlike the preclearance provision, it may only be used to challenge a law *after* the discrimination has occurred. As we have since learned, that "protection" is almost as good as none at all.

In 2013, after Texas Republicans reimplemented their photo ID law, voting-rights proponents sued under Section 2. In late 2014 they won! A U.S. District Court judge found the law "has an impermissible discriminatory effect against Hispanics and African Americans, and was imposed with an unconstitutional discriminatory purpose." The judge ordered an immediate injunction.

But the Roberts Court ruled that striking the law down right before the 2014 elections might cause confusion. Better to suppress hundreds of thousands of voters than risk baffling a pollworker.

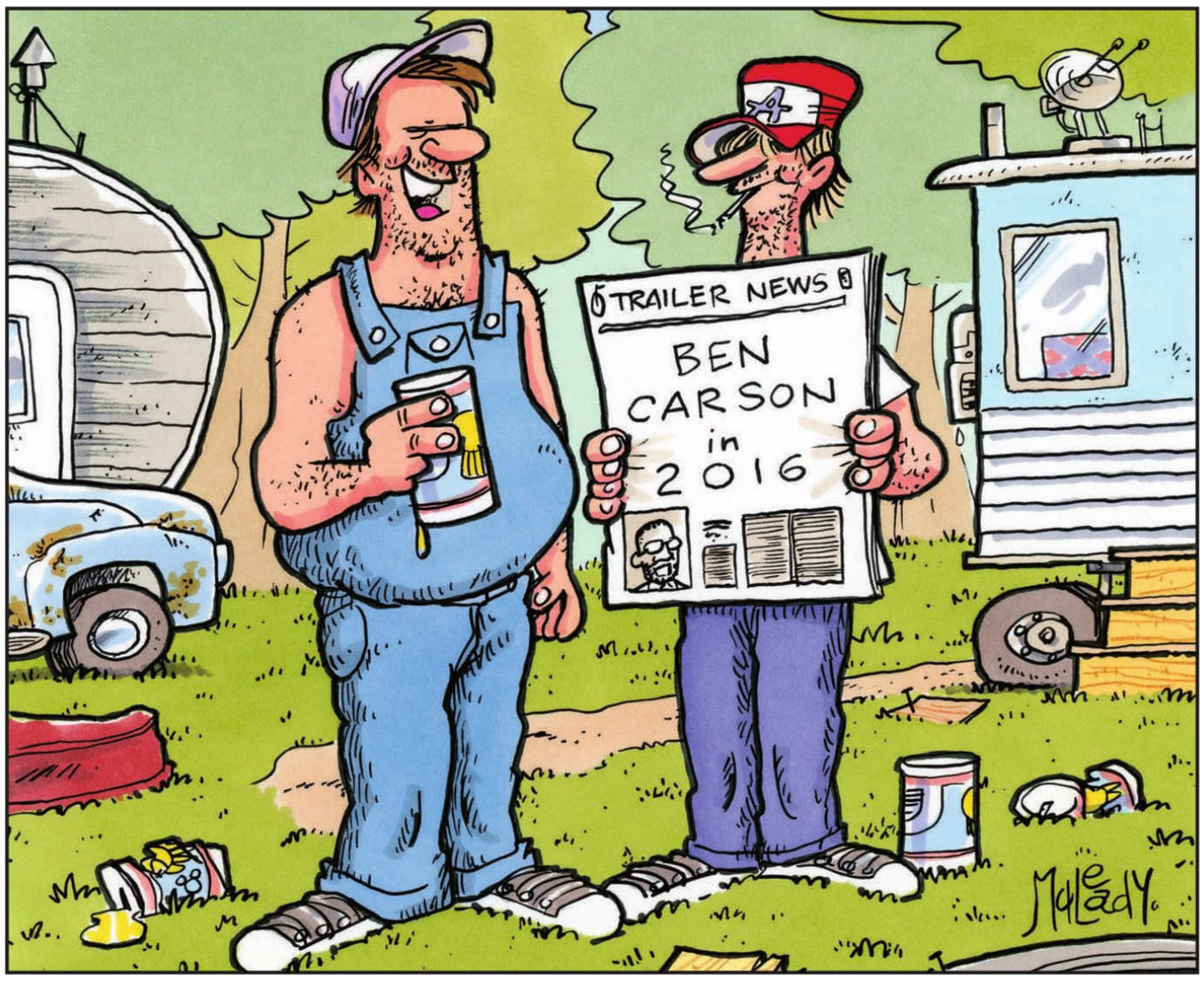
In August 2015 the U.S. Fifth Circuit Court of Appeals agreed with the lower court, affirming that the Texas photo ID law violates Section 2 of the Voting Rights Act. But the conservative Fifth Circuit left it in place pending appeal.

"It seems nonsensical to say a law has been struck down but it is still in force," attorney Ernest A. Canning told me. "This law has a discriminatory impact and disparately impacts minorities and the poor. You now have this identical finding three successive times in courts dating back to 2012. And here we are …having to worry about whether that discrimination is going to occur again in 2016."

Democrats aren't without their share of the blame. If 2004 Presidential candidate John Kerry had challenged voter suppression and demanded all votes be counted in Ohio, Bush probably wouldn't have "won" a second term. And Reagan's antivoting crusader wouldn't be heading up the Supreme Court.

Jim Crow is back, but this time he's wearing a black robe instead of a white one. H

Brad Friedman is a Los Angeles-based investigative journalist, national radio host, political commentator, muckraker, troublemaker and publisher of *The Brad Blog* (**BradBlog.com**).



"Hot damn! A nigger Republican running for President! This'll prove we ain't no racists! Just as long as the nigger don't win."

"Mexico is sending murderers, rapists and, frankly, some pretty damn good cocksuckers over the border."

BENJAMIN NETANYAHU

Twenty years ago the bloody Israel-Palestine conflict was very close to a peaceful resolution with the 1993-1995 Oslo Accords. In a landmark move, Israel recognized PLO chairman Yasser Arafat as a negotiating partner for the first time and agreed to exchange "land for peace" in accordance with U.N. Security Council Resolution 242, which condemned the Israeli invasion and occupation of Palestinian territories in the 1967 Six-Day War. In return, the Palestinians recognized Israel's right to exist and renounced the use of terrorism and the call for Israel's destruction. At long last it seemed that the perennial bloodshed might cease or at least diminish to minor outbursts.

But radicals on both sides of the fence were opposed to peace. The conservative Likud party organized vociferous rallies where Israeli Prime Minister Yitzhak Rabin was portrayed as a Nazi in SS uniform and in the crosshairs of a sniper's rifle. Rabin accused a certain Likud party leader of inciting the violence that would soon take his life—a radical right fanatic assassinated him in November 1995.

The Likud leader who led those violent rallies was Benjamin Netanyahu. He became Prime Minister in 1996 and began a process of foot-dragging, bad faith and intransigence that has totally eviscerated the Oslo Accords, prolonged the conflict with some of the worst atrocities of this century and turned Israel into a fanatically racist apartheid state.

No people on Earth are more vulnerable to fearmongering than Israeli Jews, with the nightmare of the Holocaust still scarring their psyches and their small sliver of land surrounded by hostile Muslim hordes. Netanyahu has forged a career out of stoking Jewish fears to ensure his political survival. He casts every olive branch for peace as a cudgel in disguise, a naïve compromise that will lead to another Shoah, and implies that only a tough, belligerent asshole like himself can save the nation. Former Israeli foreign minister Shlomo Ben-Ami condemned his "vulgar manipulation of the memory of the Holocaust" for personal political purposes.

Before Netanyahu entered office in 1996, neocon hawks Richard Perle, Douglas Feith, James Colbert, David Wurmser and Meyrav Wurmser penned the "Clean Break" strategy paper for him, advocating abandonment of the peace process and revolutionizing Arab countries with "regime change" that supposedly would result in more friendly democratic governments—especially in Iraq. Those hawks soon populated the administration of George W. Bush, and they got the "new Pearl Harbor" they were dying for on September 11, 2001. Netanyahu could hardly contain his glee on that day: "It's very good," he blurted before catching himself: "Well, not very good, but it will generate immediate sympathy."

One year later Bibi the Belligerent, then a private citizen, lost no time in egging on the illegal invasion of Iraq in a September 12, 2002, speech to the U.S. Congress, stating there is "no question whatsoever that Saddam is seeking and is working and is advancing towards the development of nuclear weapons.... I believe that free and unfettered inspections will not uncover these portable manufacturing sites of mass death." As we know now, WMD plants, nuclear or otherwise, were a mirage—or a deliberate deception by neocon warmongers, Netanyahu chief among them.

He was elected Prime Minister again in 2009, and has been in office ever since, continuously undermining peace initiatives. He's encouraged yet more illegal Israeli settlements in the West Bank; tolerated the settlers routinely terrorizing Palestinians with fire bombs, assaults and demolitions on their own land; blockaded Gaza; and habitually insulted President Obama, Vice President Biden and any Democrat who tries to enforce the official policy of the United States—stop colonizing Palestinian land in violation of the U.N. and nearly unanimous world opinion!

In 2010 Netanyahu sent Israeli commandos to kill nine humanitarian activists in international waters on the Gaza Freedom Flotilla. In 2014, rather than bringing to justice the culprits who murdered three Israeli teenagers, he cynically used the crime to launch collective punishment of Hamas in violation of previous agreements, triggering retaliatory rocket attacks from Gaza and then Operation Protective Edge. The result was a hideous carnage: over 2,200 killed and over 10,000 wounded, mostly Gazan civilians, including 547 butchered children. The Israel Defense Forces (IDF) repeatedly fired high-explosive artillery and tank shells into designated U.N. schools and shelters.

Unfortunately, our Republican toadies, who worship Netanyahu as a demigod, seem hell-bent on letting him drag us into another costly foreign war with Iran. They may yet sabotage the nuclear deal successfully implemented by Obama in 2015, and fulfill Netanyahu's wet dream of a military strike against Tehran.

Rampant discrimination and racial violence in Israel have been documented by several conscientious Jewish writers (Max Blumenthal, Philip Weiss, Noam Chomsky and others), appalled at what has happened on Netanyahu's watch: Israeli academics advocating the rape of mothers and sisters of Palestinian militants; Jerusalem officials calling on Jewish youth to "commit acts of Phineas" (murder Palestinians and their Jewish friends); Jewish gangs regularly roaming the streets and assaulting innocent Palestinians, African immigrants and Jewish peace activists who defend them; book burnings and the torching of mixed schools; harassment of mixed married couples; orthodox rabbis spitting on Christians. The Arab League documented 11,000 settler attacks on Palestinians in 2015 alone. It is a grotesque travesty for the United States to support such obnoxious behavior, antithetical to everything we stand for, with $3 billion in annual aid, unwavering diplomatic support and not a word of disapproval.

Netanyahu may view himself as a heroic David to the Jewish people, but he has no discernible respect for the rest of humanity. In the long run, his "Clean Break" strategy is unsustainable and will haunt both Israel and the United States. And that's not the opinion of some tie-dyed, dreadlocked peacenik, but straight from Commanders for Israel's Security (an organization of 200 security veterans), who called Netanyahu a "danger" to Israel.

Before a crowd of 50,000 in Tel Aviv, even a former chief of Mossad, Meir Dagan, called Netanyahu more frightening than all of Israel's enemies, because he has failed to put forth "one sincere initiative to foment change in the region or craft a better future… Our health system is collapsing. The housing crisis has reached new heights. The socioeconomic gaps continue to widen. The distance between the poor, rural areas and the Center has never been greater. One of every three Israeli children is poor. Forty percent of Israelis can't make ends meet."

And the whole Middle East is burning with more Islamic radicalism than ever before. We can never know for sure what the region would be today had Yitzhak Rabin not been assassinated, Netanyahu not risen to power and the Oslo Accords not been torpedoed. Some blame Arafat for launching the Second Intifada. But it takes two to tango, and Netanyahu did his bloody share to ensure two more decades of bloody conflict and suffering. Maybe if Bibi and his nutty neocons destabilized every continent, triggered WWIII and reduced half the planet to ashes, the world would finally be safe for Israel. H

MY BLOODY VALENTINE

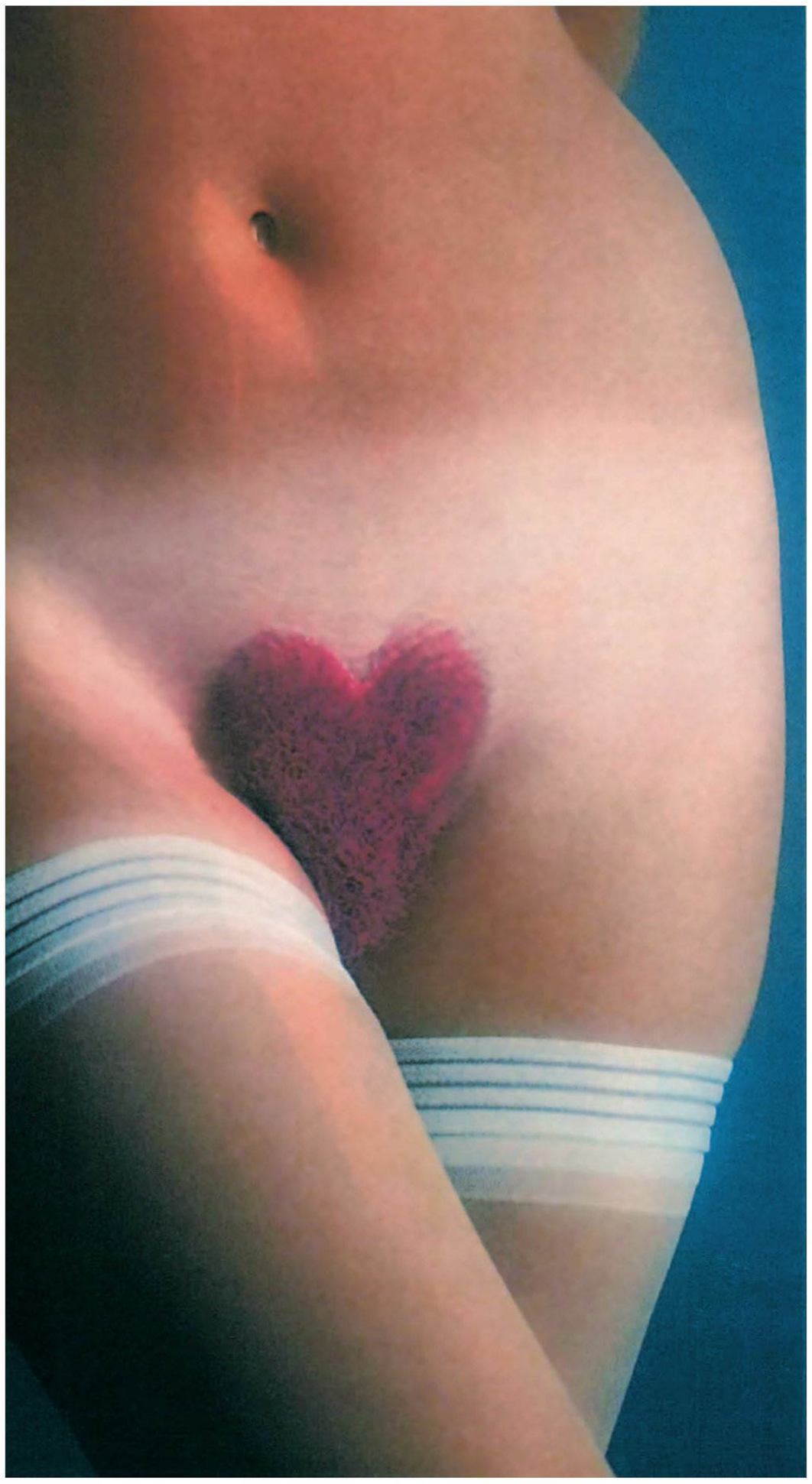
Chocolates? Candy? Jewelry? How about murder? Read our list of the worst Valentine's Days. Ever. And be grateful for that shitty Whitman's Sampler from CVS.

- Juan Manuel Navarro and Ignacia Manriquez had three children together when Juan suddenly ended the relationship in 1993. Then Juan decided he wanted her back. Ignacia wasn't into it. So on Valentine's Day, he began following her everywhere, including to the medical center where she was taking the couple's sick four-year-old son. When yelling at her in the parking lot failed to win her over, he shot her executioner-style, only more savagely: once point-blank in the head, once in the stomach as she fell, then in the head again as she lay on the ground—all in full view of his son, who later told police, "Ketchup is everywhere."

- Susan Hamilton felt lucky. Her husband John was a well-respected doctor in Oklahoma City, and throughout their marriage he gave her lavish gifts, starting with a Porsche on their wedding day. But on Valentine's Day 2001, John returned home to find his wife on the bathroom floor, strangled with two of his neckties. Her head was so smashed up, he could see her brain. He told police that he did everything he could (presumably more than most of us could, him being a doctor and all) to revive her, but no dice. She never even got the chance to admire the beautiful arrangement of red orchids he'd sent! Then police learned that Susan had been telling friends that she was considering divorcing John, and there were records of dozens of calls between John and a topless dancer. John was charged with murder. He hired a fancy blood splatter expert who, when testifying under oath, told the court the blood found on John's shirt was "almost a neon sign pointing towards the wearer of this shirt being associated with the beating." Convicted after less than two hours of jury deliberation. Thanks, defense witness!

- Richard and Stacey Schoeck had a Valentine's Day tradition. Every year they'd meet at a local park and exchange cards. But in 2010 Stacey called police to report that she'd found her beloved husband—a hot-air balloon enthusiast, Boy Scout leader and man who'd adopted her three children—lying outside his truck, shot several times in the stomach and face. Investigators grew suspicious after learning that Stacey, the sole beneficiary of Richard's life insurance policies, was having an affair. Turns out Stacey had hired personal trainer Reginald Coleman (he ran his business under the name Mr. Results) through a former work colleague to kill Richard. She gave the coworker a house and Mr. Results $10,000. Now they're all in jail for murder (well, not Richard—he's dead).

- When Cristina Sanchez-Perez's boyfriend Rodolfo asked her to have sex on Valentine's Day 2015, she pulled out a handgun and blasted him in the cheek. (They'd only been dating for a week, so there's no way he saw that coming!) She took his car and then—road rage!—fired at another vehicle that cut her off on the interstate. She went back to her house, picked up her daughter and returned to Rodolfo's house. When she thought she saw him move, she shot him again, this time in the chest. She told police that she was upset because they'd had anal sex the day before; she didn't like it.



- Special Mention: While Fidel Lopez didn't commit this crime on Valentine's Day, he gives lovers something especially awful to contemplate when February 14th rolls around. After a night of intense tequila drinking in September 2015, Lopez and his girlfriend Maria Nemeth settled down for some serious fucking. In a moment of passion, Nemeth allegedly called out her ex-husband's name—twice. Lopez was so infuriated that he tore through the apartment smashing all of their furniture. Next, as he told officers who listened in disbelief, he went back to the bedroom, reached into Nemeth's vagina and anus with both fists and ripped out her intestines. Then he went outside on the patio and smoked a cigarette. You know, to cool down. By the time he'd finished his smoke, Nemeth was dead. After confessing all (given the horrific details he told police, it's hard to imagine he left anything out), Lopez was charged with first-degree murder.

"When you love someone, and are loved in return, even the worst times and circumstances cannot destroy you." —LARRY FLYNT, PUBLISHER

CLUB GIRL: SHELBY SPARKS

Shelby Sparks was earning a degree in journalism and creative writing at Penn State when she took a pole dancing class, just for fun. She was good. Really good. So she entered a few competitions, and shortly after was on her way to Las Vegas to pursue competitive pole dancing to her heart's content. "I didn't realize how stir-crazy I was at school. I didn't belong there," she confesses. "I needed to move on to better things and go where there were shows and showgirls!" For the past year Shelby has been wowing customers at Larry's club in Las Vegas. "Pole dancing is an incredibly challenging art form, certainly not as easy as it looks," she says. "It's a true passion of mine. Every hair flip, spin and climb is perfectly timed. You learn to trust your entire body from head to toe. People who usually sit back in the shadows will come up to me afterwards to tell me that what I do is amazing." When this self-professed "giver of love and good vibes" climbs down from the stage, she loves hanging out on the HUSTLER Club rooftop. "The views are breathtaking and unforgettable, the best in Vegas!"

PHOTOGRAPHY BY ADAM MATLOW

"Before I begin, I wonder if you'd like to comment on the rumor going around that you're fucking my wife."

"Man may have discovered fire, but women discovered how to play with it." —CANDACE BUSHNELL, AUTHOR

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Delivered Fully Wrapped in Grey Plastic

GUN CRAZY

Praise the Lord and pass the ammo! So goes the pretzel logic of Spike's Tactical, a Florida gun manufacturer selling a "Christian-themed" assault rifle. Dubbed "The Crusader," the AR-15 is etched with a Knights Templar Cross and shield (you know, the kind carried into battle by medieval crusaders) and Biblical verse: "Blessed be the Lord, my Rock, who trains my hands for war, my fingers for battle." In a demonstration featured on the company's YouTube channel, Spike's Tactical spokesman, Ben "Mookie" Thomas, explains that the weapon is designed to ensure "that no Muslim terrorist will ever pick it up to use it to bring harm against another person." Dressed in a black T-shirt and khaki short-shorts that showcase a middle-aged paunch and pale, meaty thighs, a red-faced Mookie strides through an empty field, grimacing as he empties several clips into the distance. Boy, is he mad at those weeds! And does he love his magic assault rifle! "I'd like to have a gun that if a Muslim terrorist picked it up, a bolt of lightning would hit and knock him dead," he told one local media outlet. Lightning aside, it's not clear how "Muslim terrorists" would be prevented from touching the weapon, which retails for $1,395 and comes with three safety selectors: "Peace," "War," and "God Wills It." (Sadly, there are no settings for "Crazy!" or "Fuckin' Stupid.") Thomas says he's not a bigot though, explaining on his Facebook page, "When you are a guest in someone else's home, you want to respect their cultural traditions. Mind your manners. Appreciate the diversity. But sometimes you get sent to Afghanistan. They rape boys, stone girls and set gay people on fire. I'm sorry. Their culture sucks." As a resident of Florida, which contains more of the nation's 100 most dangerous cities than any other state, including Texas and New York combined, we guess he'd know; type "Why is Flor" into Google—just the first four letters of the state, and the top two autofill responses generated are "Why is Florida so bad" and "Why is Florida so weird." But, hey, Mookie's totally nice. He wants everyone to be able to buy this assault rifle (unless, of course, you're a "Muslim terrorist"). He's offering financing at the low, low rate of 9.99% APR to 17.99% APR just so you can purchase one of these babies: "A great option for people who want to purchase a gun as a birthday gift or Christmas present for a loved one," he explains. HUSTLER thinks Mookie should aim higher. If Psalm 144:1 works to prevent "Muslim terrorists" from touching a weapon, what jingle, psalm, knock-knock joke, poem, riddle, etc. would prevent *all* assholes, kooks and maniacs from putting their hands on a gun? Let us know and we'll pass it on. We smell a Nobel Peace Prize...

"The problem with the world is that the intelligent people are full of doubts, while the stupid ones are full of confidence." — CHARLES BUKOWSKI, AUTHOR

TRUMP'S A RUMP

Proving that he's not one to learn from experience, Donald Trump has struck out twice now on attempts to co-opt popular music for his campaign. First The Donald blasted "Rockin' in the Free World" at his Presidential bid kickoff event, a dick move that prompted a quick response from a pissed-off Neil Young: "Donald Trump was not authorized to use 'Rockin' in the Free World' in his Presidential candidacy announcement. Neil Young, a Canadian citizen, is a supporter of Bernie Sanders for President of the United States of America." (Why a man who thinks—if that's the appropriate verb—that poor people shouldn't be allowed to play golf would also think that "Rockin' in the Free World," a condemnation of the Republican Party's lack of concern for poor people, would be an appropriate theme song is unclear.) Undaunted in his taking-without-asking, Trump began playing R.E.M.'s '80s hit "It's the End of the World As We Know It (And I Feel Fine)" at campaign events. R.E.M. wasn't having it. "While we do not authorize or condone the use of our music at this political event, and do ask that these political candidates cease and desist from doing so, let us remember that there are things of greater importance at stake here. The media and the American voter should focus on the bigger picture, and not allow grandstanding politicians to distract us from the pressing issues of the day and of the current Presidential campaign," said R.E.M. bassist Mike Mills in an official statement. Michael Stipe was more succinct, tweeting, "Go fuck yourselves, the lot of you—you sad, attention-grabbing, power-hungry little men. Do not use our music or my voice for your moronic charade of a campaign." HUSTLER has loads of ideas for a new Trump campaign song. Just ask us, Donald. Jane's Addiction's "Been Caught Stealing," Brenda Lee's "I'm Sorry"... But don't forget to ask the artist for permission, you rich, lazy bastard.

Civic Boner

It's been a long time since I possessed one of your awesome magazines. I still have fond memories of pulling my post-pubescent pud to a photo spread of some Texas lezzies in cowgirl boots. That was probably in 1982. A lot has happened since then: I got laid, finished high school, went to college, married a hot lady (who likes anal!). Just lived the crap out of life. Recently I bought your October '15 issue. It's great! I loved the Natalia Starr and Zoey Foxx spread [*Pretty in Pink*]. Updated lezzies! Can't wait for Bonnie Rotten ["Bonnie Rotten to the Core"] to direct her own work.Your jokes and cartoons are still gross, but funny. Over the years I probably have become slightly less sex-obsessed (I am just shy of 50), but I've become more politically aware, which, unless you're retarded, means you become a fire-breathing progressive, which is exactly what I am. Go, Bernie! (But since he won't win, "Go, Hillary!) Brad Friedman's article ["Treacherous Sucking Sound"] was spot on. I almost got a civic hard-on! But I skipped back over to Shyla Jennings [*Shameless*] to finish the job. In short, HUSTLER is just as good as I remember it. Best of all possible worlds!

—F.J.
Denmark, Maine

Kick Ass!

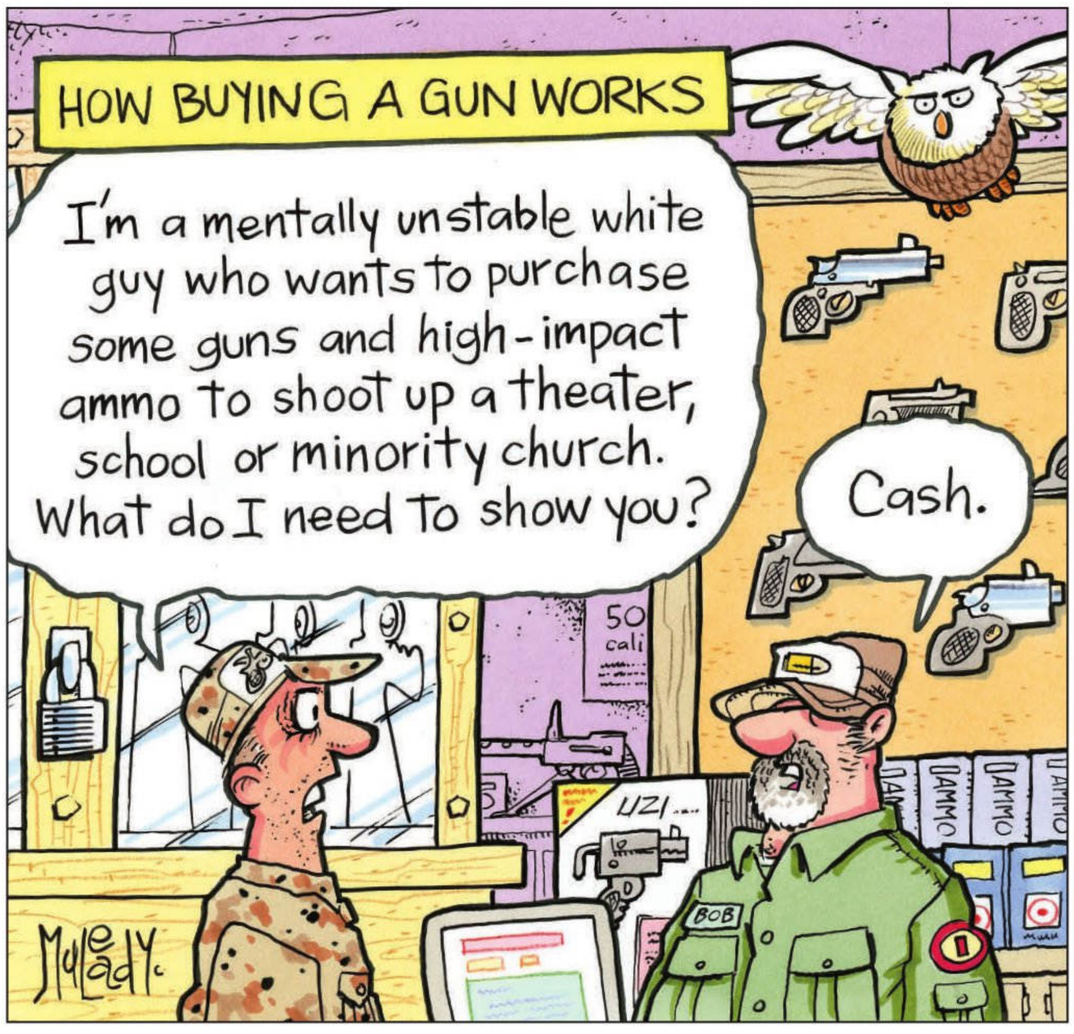
Sir Larry Flynt, you kick ass! I vote Republican, work my ass off for a living and love to get drunk. I'm okay and always will be, but your insights kick ass.

—Jim G.
St. Louis, Missouri

Calling Columbo

First, thank you, Mr. Larry Flynt, for giving America the best fucking magazine of all time. I love the no bullshit articles, hot chicks and hilarious cartoons. With that said, I have only one complaint. There are never dripping wet, creamy pussies! I'm talking that white, creamy cum dripping down out of their cunts. Maybe even do an article on squirting. What the fuck is it? Is it piss? They say it's not. But we must know for sure. Oh, and one more thing. My friends and I are currently in a heated debate over what constitutes as sex between lesbians. Is it penetration with dildos? Scissoring? Oral? Fingering? As soon as they have an orgasm? Help clear this up for us!

—C.J.
Fall River, Massachusetts



Natalia Starr and Zoey Foxx turned up the heat in our October '15 issue.

First, for six full pages of sticky, jizz-smeared slits, be sure to check out *Cream Pies* in our December '15 issue! Secondly, C.J., no one answer from us would suffice as to what constitutes sex between lesbians. Why not broaden your circle of friends to include some actual lesbians and then go ask one of them? Oh, and one more thing: you left canoodling off your list of possibilities.

Speechless

Thank you very much for another superb issue of absolute excellence. Your October '15 issue—and three spreads in particular—have just blown my mind! Harley Dean [*Goddess of Love*], Marina Visconti [*The Natural*] and HUSTLER Honey and cover cutie Shyla Jennings [*Shameless*]—what can I say? I don't want to just use the same old words, like *beautiful*, *sexy* and *hot as hell* to describe them either. There are times when you can't put how you feel into words. You just feel it. It is often said that a picture can speak a thousand words, but with these three very beautiful young ladies, I believe that I am hearing a million words at once. Thank you very much, ladies, for your very kind generosity in sharing your beauty with me, which I believe is truly a God-given gift.

And thank you very much, Mr. Flynt and all of the HUSTLER family. You have made my world a much better place to live in!

—Kenneth Clark
Chicago, Illinois

WTF of the Month

We get a lot of wild letters. Here's one of our favorites.

Dear HUSTLER,
Do you recall the summer Olympic's sport event called Rhythmic Gymnastics? I refer to it as the "Hottest Piece of Ass on the Planet" contest. Watching the NCAA women's gymnastics finals and the SEC women's gymnastics finals, I've scouted out two women who should enter the event for the USA. On Naomi Campbell's best day as a 21-year-old, she wishes she had Carley Sims' ass. Bold statement. Watch Carley on floor exercise. Jessie Jordan is a blue-eyed Audrey Hepburn. From a scientific point of view: How do we determine which woman from HUSTLER is the hottest piece of ass? Electrodes on the brain to measure euphoria? Electrodes on the crotch to determine intensity of multiple orgasms? Amount of sauce made? And a subjective portion rating vigor and artistry riding a dong.

—Jon Root
Kirkland, Washington

Congratulations to C.J. of Fall River, Massachusetts, for sending in our *Feedback* Letter of the Month! We're sending you a gift to pass along to one of your new lady friends. And the rest of you—tell us what you think of this month's issue and you could be next month's winner! Send letters (typed or neatly handwritten) to HUSTLER *Feedback*, 8484 Wilshire Blvd., Suite 900, Beverly Hills, CA 90211, or email to *HUSTLER@LFP.com*. Be sure to indicate your hometown and a phone number if you want your letter considered for publication. All letters become the property of LFP Publishing Group, LLC and may be edited at our discretion.

"'Are women equal?' Hell, I guess so. All pussies have felt pretty much the same to me."

DELILAH BLUE

IN DEEP

PHOTOGRAPHY BY
HOLLY RANDALL PRODUCTIONS

I have so many different fantasies, I don't even know where to start! I usually fantasize about being tied up and completely powerless, fucked hard and treated like a slut. With my consent of course, ha ha. I'm kind of a freak :) For me, a good sex partner is very dominant, commanding, and does exactly what he wants. Dark hair, a nice body and tattoos always turn me on.

"I say what I want and what I feel in the moment. It's been proven scientifically that talking dirty is good for you. When you say 'Fuck,' you tap into the primitive part of your brain and get relief. You transcend! I'm living proof that getting more fuck into your life helps with just about everything."

DELILAH'S VITAL FACTS

HOMETOWN: **San Francisco, California**

AGE: **21** | HEIGHT: **5-7** | MEASUREMENTS: **34B-26-32**

FAVORITE POSITION: **Doggy** | TWITTER: **@DelilahBluexoxo**

MATCHES
BEER
PHONE
BOTTLE OPENER
KETCHUP
MUSTARD
GRILLS GONE WILD!

DAVID KOECHNER

CHUCKLE CHAMP

INTERVIEW BY LEE KEELER & KEITH VALCOURT
PHOTOGRAPHY BY WILFERD GUENTHOER

DAVID KOECHNER IS FUNNIER THAN YOU. SORRY, BUT IT'S TRUE. WHY ELSE WOULD HIS REAL-LIFE PALS (AND SUPERSTARS) WILL FERRELL AND STEVE CARELL CONSIDER HIM COMEDY'S GO-TO GUY? THE TOWERING FUNNYMAN HAS APPEARED IN OVER 130 FILMS AND TV SHOWS—AND IS CURRENTLY LIGHTING UP A SCREEN NEAR YOU IN THE HORROR-COMEDY HIT KRAMPUS. *EVERYBODY HAS A FAVORITE KOECHNER ROLE: FROM PACKER DEFECATING UNDER DESKS IN* THE OFFICE *TO CHAMP KIND DROPPING THE "WHAMMY!" IN* ANCHORMAN. *WE CAUGHT UP WITH KOECHNER FOR A BACKYARD BARBECUE AND GRILLED THIS EVERY-DAD ON BINGE-DRINKING WITH BILL BRASKY, THE BLOSSOMING OF MILEY CYRUS AND DRAWING INSPIRATION FROM HOMETOWN DRIFTERS.*

HUSTLER: You came up in iO and Second City out in Chicago before you went to *SNL*, right?
DAVID KOECHNER: I started taking classes in '87, but I got up on-stage and was on a team within two months. So it really is about stage time. It's basically the 10,000-hours theory. If you get enough stage time, you're going to get better and better and better. Sometimes I would have classes four times a week and then shows on the weekend. It was a marvelous time to be in Chicago.

You came up with Steve Carell?
Everybody. Carell, Colbert, Colbert's head writer Tom Purcell. I was there with Chris Farley, Mike Myers, Tina Fey, Amy Poehler, Horatio Sanz, Rachel Dratch, all the writers from *Conan*, plus Andy Richter. John Glaser…

Adam McKay…
Christ, you can't even start the list 'cause you might leave somebody off. If you look back, it was a who's who of current media titans.

Was there anything particularly special about that period that stands out to you?
We would hang out all the time. Every night you had to go out **>>**

and have discourse, which was just one long drinking game. Improvisors are notorious for not being able to hold down relationships because of the camaraderie, if you will. Plus there's so few women, which is too bad, and thank God there are more now all the time. But y'know, your dating pool is limited, so it's just a bunch of guys getting drunk every night. Here's an example of my mind-set—when I was 25, I had a buddy who didn't have a job and another friend who didn't have a job. They'd go out and get drunk every night, and I was really envious of them. [*Laughs.*] That's pretty fucking crazy! I thought those guys were lucky!

"THE RACIEST MAGAZINE IN OUR HOUSE WAS THE SPIEGEL CATALOG. THAT'S WHERE THEY HAD REAL LINGERIE."

Those were fairly wild days. Did anybody ever get hurt during your shows?
Nope. I mean, Farley was there at the time, and the level of his commitment was unparalleled. Farley would do a full-on pratfall, a full body-flop right in the scene; and he would not catch himself. It was amazing. So I guess that was the most remarkable thing I saw. I know I saw a couple of guys trip acid one night, and they did a show. I'm not gonna say their names.

What was your first impression of HUSTLER growing up?
Here's what's interesting. Porn was not as readily available the way it is now. I've often felt like young boys looking at the female form in a magazine is, in a way, a form of adoration; it's not necessarily just lust. There is some admiration of the female form. It's the mystery. You fall in love with the form and all of its potential. But the thing that makes me a little worried now is that porn is so readily available to people who are whatever age—they can be very deceived about what the love act is and about what sex is. It's not about a woman being used, guys. It's about two people making an agreement to have fun and feel great.

As a kid growing up in Tipton, Missouri, did you and your friends ever sneak porn mags?
There was none of that in our house. The raciest magazine in our house was the Spiegel catalog. That's where they had real lingerie.

In my house early on we had the Sears catalog.
Yeah, but Sears wasn't as racy as Spiegel.

One of your most notable sketches on *SNL* was the Bill Brasky sketch. How did that come about?
It was Ferrell and McKay doing a bit at a bar one night, and we all kind of chimed in. Ferrell and McKay would have kind of a loose idea of a scene, and then myself and Norm Hiscock, former head writer on *The Kids in the Hall*, were part of it. We'd all just sit in a room and pitch jokes.

It's amazing how, in that first Brasky sketch, you got Ferrell to break character for a second.
I think with Will, he doesn't break. It's more like recognizing the delight and absurdity in what we're doing. It was the absolute last sketch on the air—there's no way they would've put this up higher in the show, and they *should* have—and the joy of knowing, "Can you believe we're getting by with this?"

What would Brasky's buddies be drinking at HUSTLER Casino?
Scotch. The cheap stuff, for sure.

Were there any particular memories about *SNL* that stand out for you?
I was always the last to leave. My limo driver would always have to come and say, "it's time to go." I would always pick up the check at my table, which I probably shouldn't have. If you sat at my table, you wouldn't be buying drinks, and I'd be the last one there. There were all kinds of reasons why I would be up late.

I'm curious, when you played Uncle Earl on *Hannah Montana*, could you tell Miley Cyrus was gonna go bad?
No, and I didn't know she was that big of a star at the time. My daughter was in first or second grade, and she was a fan of the show. I took her with me to visit the set. I didn't know a thing about the show. A friend of mine was the script supervisor, and she got us a meet and greet. The producers came up to me and said, "What are you doing here? We've been trying to get you on the show." >>

KETCHUP
GRILLS GONE
WILD!

I only did it because my daughter was a fan. By the time I filmed it, I came to realize how huge she was. Back then she was always professional and nothing but a sweet kid and a hard worker.

So going on to *The Office*, what was Packer doing during Seasons 4 and 5?
He was probably serving a short sentence, or he may have been fired for sexual harassment and then they hired him back. I didn't know there was a season I wasn't in!

Were there any particular Packer moments that have come back to haunt you?
The one that's most memorable to people is when Packer has left a gift for Michael under his desk. And I actually don't even appear in that episode. It's all voice-over. That's the one people tend to talk about the most.

You play a lot of obnoxious guys, but you seem pretty mild-mannered in real life. Is it hard to play obnoxious?
It's fun to play obnoxious because you never get to do that in real life. If you do, people won't hang out with you. It's more fun to play against your own personal type and do the things you don't normally do in real life—to get to say horrible, mean things. You never get to say them to a person's face, but as a character, you can do it and get away with it without consequence.

Is Todd Packer on *The Office* or the boss in *Waiting* the most obnoxious character you've played?
Packer is totally obnoxious. There doesn't seem to be any redemption in him at all. He's the least like me of all the roles I've done.

In *Anchorman* was there are any particular inspiration for Champ Kind?
Not from me. Champ is a misogynist, racist, jingoistic, sexist, homophobic, homosexual guy. And he's also a drunk. So he's a pretty bad dude, but at the same time sweet and innocent at the core and pretty sensitive.

So do you know about the *Anchorman* porn parody?
I have not seen it, obviously. Somebody from I think Funny or Die asked me if I wanted to go visit the set, and I was like, "Fuck, no!"

The name of the guy who plays you is Eric Masterson.
God bless him. I'll bet he's got more credits than I do.

"IT'S ALWAYS BEEN ONE OF MY MOTTOS: DON'T LEAVE A STORY BEHIND."

When they announced that the crew was getting back together for *Anchorman 2*, it was compared to reuniting The Beatles. Which of the Fab 4 are you?
I think we all know I'm Ringo [*laughs*].

***Thank You for Smoking* is really entrenched in American politics. Were you drawn to that because you studied poli sci in college?**
That's interesting—you've done your research—no, the script was wonderful, and it was Jason Reitman's first big film. He called and we met, and that was it. It was really cool that it just came together so nicely like that. Scene after scene after scene, and by the end of the film you're like, "Wow, that's a movie."

Any takeaways from *Thank You for Smoking*?
No, everybody was a stone-cold pro. It's always been one of my mottos: Don't leave a story behind. Because you can always get a thing of, "How was he?" "Great!" "How was he?" "Supernice." End of story. "How was he?" "Kind of a dick." "Ohhhh." Now, there's a story.

***The Naked Trucker and T-Bones Show* seemed to tap into some humor from your upbringing. Was T-Bones based on any one guy?**
There was a drifter who came through my hometown one summer. I was working at my Uncle Emul's gas station, beer joint and cafe. There was a guy named Fourway George. He hung out there at the bar while we played pinball. The bar was at the corner by the blinking red light, the fourway, and he'd hang out there. So it's loosely based on him and carnies I used to meet when my dad would go up to the Missouri State Fair and display in the agricultural section.

What's the nastiest thing that T-Bones has ever seen?
My God, anything you wanna say. I don't wanna make him a murderer—bum fights, hobo fights for sure. I used to tell this story in my act. He and some hobo buddies—and when I say hobos, I mean guys who like to ride the rails, not the homeless—were hanging out one night down by the Mississippi River, campfire, nothing to eat. All they had was a smooth rock for stone soup, and Daydream Eddie says, "Fuck it, let's eat my foot." And before anyone can give him counsel, he produces a hatchet and goes *Chop! Sloosh! Plop!* Right there in the pot of boiling water is his foot. About 45 minutes later everyone's got foot meat on their plate, but nobody's eating it. I don't know if you've had foot meat, but it's just stringy and really gamey, but Gerald the hobo says, "Y'know what? We felt bad, he felt stupid, but lemme tell you something: It was the gesture that filled our bellies that night."

Your character The Commodore in *Another Period* plays the patriarch of the family. How much fun is it to get ordered around by Christina Hendricks, who was the hottest character on *Mad Men*?
That whole project was fun. It was just like hanging out with friends and getting to shoot something.

It's a pretty remarkable cast.
Oh, it's insane.

On Ari Shaffir's Comedy Central show *This Is Not Happening* you told the tale of being wrongfully arrested for shitting on a Louisiana policeman's car. Any fallout from that story?
That's a true story. Of course, I didn't poop on the car. But that idea got passed around the set, and then a legend kind of grew out of that, like I had done even worse, like shit my pants… Which is not a great legend to have! But no, I'm generally a pretty good guy. I mean, I like to have fun on the set, but I don't do pranks, none of that kind of shit. I just try to keep the mood up and have a good time. Nothing really crazy goes on, because honestly the safety standards are really high on any picture. There's only so much room to fuck around with.

On *Anchorman*, I think every Thursday we started doing this thing where Will and I would interview the first assistant director. We'd call it "A Few Minutes With Matt Rebenkoff," and we would ask him questions. Everybody would be gathered around and spend ten minutes wasting quality time together.

***Cheap Thrills* really showcases your abilities in terms of being the ultimate Koechner part. It seems like it was an incredible experience.**
So happy about that, man. *Cheap Thrills*, one of my favorite projects ever. After the end of the first day I thought, *Holy shit, something special's going on here.* All of the actors are so great. Y'know, you work on your script, but when the other actors pull something else out of you, it's so rare, you're really enjoying it inside. But you have to also kind of caution yourself because if you're feeling it, then >>

maybe it's not reading the way you want it to. But man, it's like a great game of any sport. Pick it. Basketball, it's an alley-oop coming at you. Everyone's doing their job. It feels really organic and special and rare, quite frankly.

What's fascinating is that you're such a family guy at your core, being from the Midwest; yet many of your characters are these kind of lecherous—
Despicable…

—despicable dudes, yes. It almost seems like your role in *Cheap Thrills* is the culmination of those characters. Was there any shock for you in having to occupy that space?
Yeah, I went to some really dark places there. But I mean, every problem in life has an equal parallel. There are difficulties in my life. So if I'm having a difficulty in my life, and my choice was to hide it from you, I could do that. That's as simple as this guy for what's happening with this wife, who he thinks he's going to lose. So you can kind of build this triangle of logic in your head of what it's like for you to lose something precious, and then you can apply that to a script.

Did you ever get grossed out when it came time to cut the fingers off?
No, no. Those were all just great stunts.

You've done a ton of stand-up. Any one gig stand out?
It's hard to say. I've had a lot of great nights. I did a show in Portland and got a standing ovation. I think they were standing for me. Maybe it was to leave the club. Stand-up is so rewarding because it's so immediate. Hard to top having a roomful of people enjoying what you do.

You've got to be the hardest working man in comedy. If you didn't have kids to support, would you work as hard?
Probably harder. You have to devote time at home. If I didn't have any children, I would probably be out on the road performing every night.

When you are on the road, what is the one thing you always have with you?
My whips.

Wits or whips?
You heard me. This is HUSTLER, right?

How do you think your fans, or especially the people back in Tipton, would react to you being in HUSTLER?
I think anyone reading it in Tipton would think it's really fucking cool! "No way, man! He's from Tipton!" The way I look at it, clearly you guys have a deep history of interviewing comics. So, to me, if I made the cut? That's pretty fucking cool. When I look at the history of who you guys have had in your magazine in the comedy world? It's flattering to me. If anybody can say they read HUSTLER for the articles, thank you! H

BARBECUTIES: ALINA WEST & LOLA HUNTER

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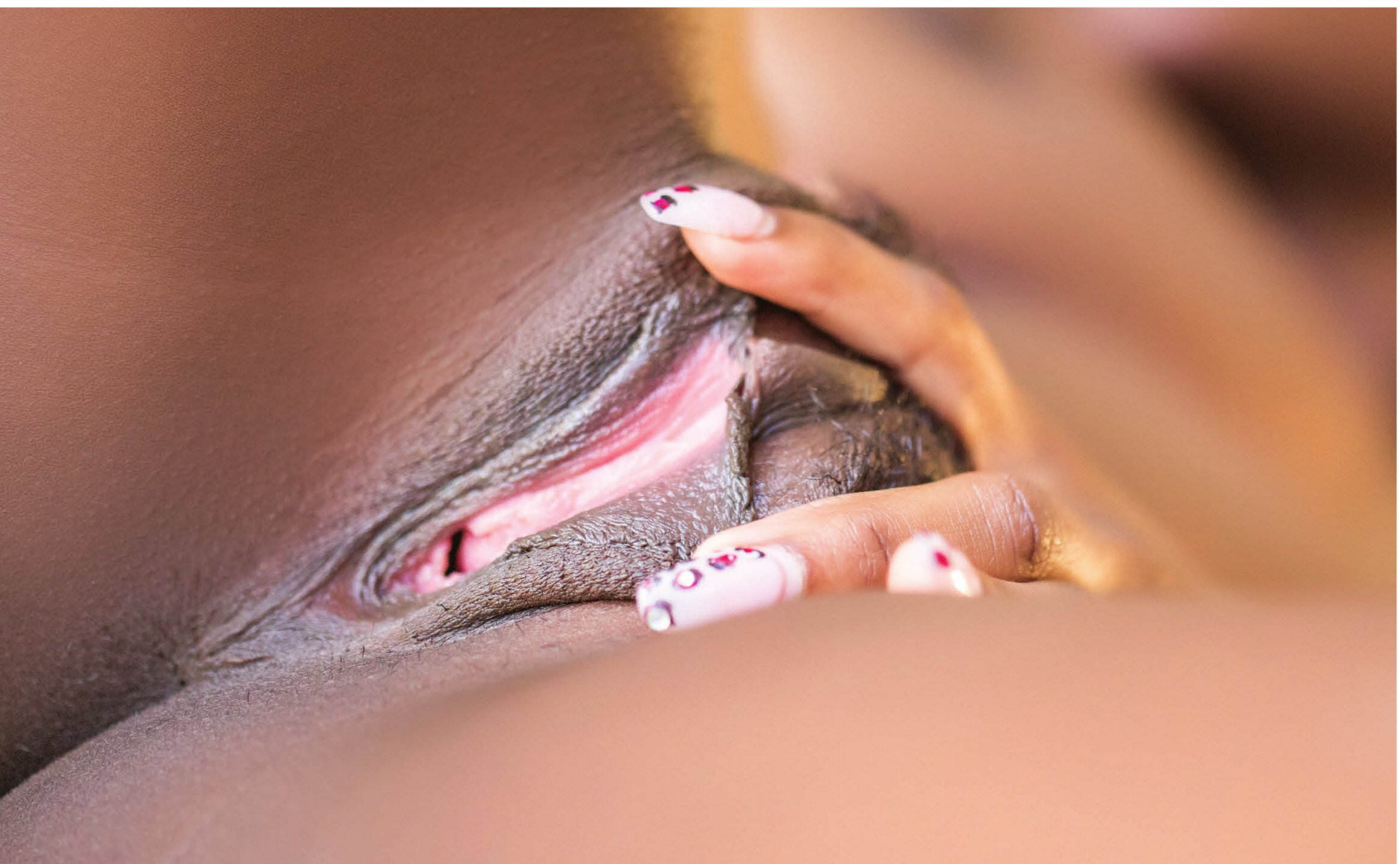
JEZABEL VESSIR

RISE & SHINE

PHOTOGRAPHY BY
DIGITALDESIRE.COM

A few things you should know about me: 1) Dwayne 'The Rock' Johnson is a small obsession of mine. My kid brother and I used to watch WWE religiously. The Rock taught me how to trash-talk and tongue-flick simultaneously and be sexy doing it. 2) I want to write a short commentary about the life of my vagina, from the perspective of my vagina. 3) I get excited about life when I wake up to my alarm in the morning! 4) Once I had sex in a sex museum. It wasn't someplace lame like the bathroom or a stairwell either; it was in a hall of mirrors. I had an orgasm, the best orgasm of my whole life. No joke, my vision turned pink while I was climaxing. 5) And I love to make my partner happy with attentive BJs. If a guy's whole body is shaking while I'm going down on him, it makes me happy!"



JEZABEL'S VITAL FACTS

AGE: **25** | HEIGHT: **5-5** | MEASUREMENTS: **38F-24-35**
FAVORITE POSITION: **Missionary** | TWITTER: **@JezabelVisser**

PUSH FOR BUSH

Twirl your fingers through springy curls. Tug on them with your teeth. Feel pubes brush against your cheek—or tickle your prick as you slide deep into pussy. HUSTLER has long supported the push for bush and is pleased with recent reports suggesting its comeback. To remind you what a truly glorious bush looks like, here are a few of our favorites. Enjoy.

“If the Good Lord had wanted pussy shaved, he wouldn’t have put hair on it.”
—Larry Flynt

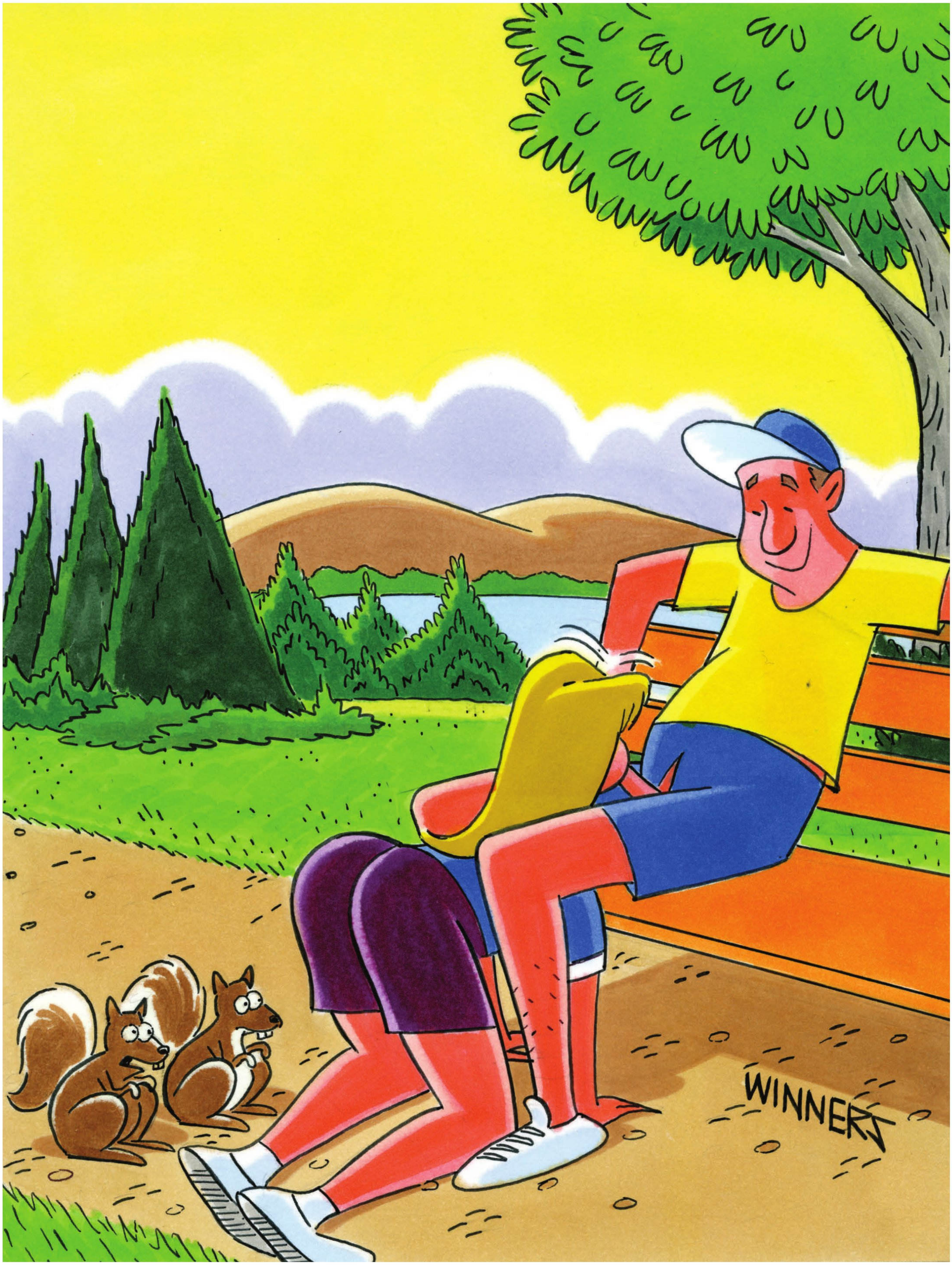
CARTER CRUISE

SIMPLY SEX

PHOTOGRAPHY BY
LARRY FLYNT PRODUCTIONS

I used to be very modest. I didn't even like to wear a bikini. I was too scared and shy to put myself out there. But I'm an all or nothing kind of person. I didn't get into porn because I had nothing else to do. I came into it planning to completely dominate the industry. To be naked in front of all those people was intense for me. Porn was definitely a way to explore my sexuality, and I took some of that into my personal life."

Porn has made me grateful for normal sex. Don't get me wrong—I love the slapping, the spitting, the anal stuff. That's all super fun! I used to think missionary position was boring, but now I appreciate *all* fucking, especially 'normal,' married-people sex. It feels awesome to really connect with another person."



"Oh, my God! How could one human do that to another?"

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CANDICE LUCA

LUST FOR LIFE
PHOTOGRAPHY BY
CR INC.

I'm not good at commitment. I've had a few boyfriends, and I've probably had seven jobs or maybe more. I move around a lot. I've been in five houses the last four years. Last summer I met a guy and fell in love. I thought I had found someone to settle down with, but he broke my heart messing around with another girl. So I just got on a plane and flew off with two suitcases.

"I'm starting a new life. New interests. New guys. My ex said it was selfish of me to leave everything behind like I did. I told him to fuck off! These days I'm living by my own rules. And it feels amazing."

Move me!

xoxo,

Candice

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CANDICE'S VITAL FACTS

HOMETOWN: **Stará Boleslav, Czech Republic**

AGE: **23** | HEIGHT: **5-8** | MEASUREMENTS: **34B-24-35**

FAVORITE POSITION: **Missionary**

A young college student noticed a smiling old man sitting on a park bench. Moved by his serene, wrinkled face, she approached him and said, "I'm a psychology major. We're studying human development and aging. I can't help but notice how youthful and happy you look. You're beaming! What's you're secret?"

"I smoke whenever I want, drink as much as I want, eat everything I want. I don't exercise, and I party for weeks at a time," he told her.

"That's amazing! How old are you?"

"Twenty-eight," he answered proudly.

Question: Why didn't Hillary just divorce Bill?

Answer: She couldn't find a way to do it without making him happy.

Question: Why did New Jersey get all the toxic waste and California get all the lawyers?

Answer: New Jersey got to pick first.

Ted opened his front door to a knock from a police officer. "Is there a problem, Officer?" Ted asked the solemn-faced cop.

"Are you Theodore Cole?"

"Yes."

"Do you have any recent pictures of your wife?"

Ted found a picture and handed it to the officer. After looking at the photo, the officer said, "I'm sorry, sir, but it looks as though your wife has been hit by a truck."

"I know," Ted admitted. "But the thing is, she has a great personality, and she can cook."

To celebrate their 25th wedding anniversary, John took his wife Mary to the hotel where they'd honeymooned all those years ago. As Mary was undressing, she gazed at John fondly and asked, "That night when you saw me standing naked in front of you for the first time, what were you thinking?

"That all I wanted to do was fuck your brains out and suck your tits dry," replied John. He paused, taking a few moments to look over his wife. "Looks like I did a pretty good job."

In an attempt to spice up their boring sex life, a wife bought herself a pair of crotchless panties. She put them on with a short skirt and sat on the couch opposite her husband. At strategic moments, she uncrossed her legs enough times that finally her husband noticed. "Are you wearing crotchless panties?" he asked.

"Yes," she answered with a sexy smile.

"Thank God," he said. "I thought you were sitting on the cat."

Question: How many divorced men does it take to screw in a lightbulb?

Answer: Who knows? They never get to keep the house.

HUSTLER Humor jokes are provided by our readers. If you've heard a gut-buster lately, why not send it our way? Submit your witty stuff to HUSTLER Joke Page, 8484 Wilshire Blvd., Suite 900, Beverly Hills, CA 90211, or by email to *HUSTLER@LFP.com*. If we print it, we'll send you 25 bucks!

"I don't do no gift certificates, Mr. Clinton. I think Hillary is fucking with you."

I didn't come **again!** What are we going to do about it?

"We"?

Mylady.

GREAT

"Desperation is the raw material of drastic change. Only those who can leave behind everything they have ever believed in can hope to escape."

—William S. Burroughs

Some see incarceration as the absolute end of freedom and life as they know it. Others simply view it as a challenge.

Prison is where humanity is left to rot. A place where both dignity and identity are stripped away, exposing only the animalistic core at the dark heart of man. If you're not messed up, frustrated and violent going into jail, then you're sure as shit going to be by the time they're finished with you—and with the American penchant of issuing mandatory minimum sentences, that could be a long time indeed. But just as a fox will chew off its own leg to escape from a trap, it's amazing the lengths that a man in a cage will go to free himself.

There is a psychological shift that takes place within us when we hear about a prison break. No matter who the person is or what he might have done, we root for a successful getaway. Maybe it's due to the fact that we are all becoming so contained and monitored ourselves—by our jobs, by the way we hand over our data online, by limitless public surveillance—that when someone actually manages to slip from the net, we can't help but hold out hope for them.

While there are prisoners who toe the line once their sentence has been passed down, a small contingent will do everything in their power to get the hell out of the big house. Two thousand fifteen in particular was a banner year for elaborate, high-profile escapes, each more unique, inventive and outlandish than the last. >>

ESCAPES

ARTICLE BY COLIN McCRACKEN
ILLUSTRATIONS BY DAN EVANS

BONDAGE BREAKOUT

BRAZIL, FEBRUARY 2015

Nova Mutum Prison, a small but brutal penitentiary near Cuiabá, Brazil, received a trio of unexpected midnight visitors in the early hours of Thursday, February 5th. Three hot women in police-themed PVC outfits, complete with leather caps and handcuffs, arrived at the gates, stating that they were looking to have a little fun with anyone willing to party. The three guards who were on duty that night didn't need much convincing to let the girls in. After all, this was a fantasy come true, right?

Not quite. Plying the prison employees with whiskey, they put on a little show. It didn't take long for things to heat up and the action to begin. Pretty soon the men were stripped, handcuffed and…completely unconscious. The whiskey was spiked, and the guards hit the deck with a bang. The ladies simply relieved them of their keys, opened up the cell doors and freed a horde of prisoners.

Knocked out for the night, the guards found themselves in a pretty compromising position when the shift change took place the next morning. Handcuffed and bare-assed is not how prison protocol dictates a correctional officer should be presented. Instead of the orgy the men had hoped for, they woke up to a hangover and a whole heap of trouble.

And the mysterious nymphets? They were nowhere to be found. As were the 28 inmates who breezed out the front door along with three 12-caliber rifles, two 38-caliber revolvers, a couple of shotguns and a whole pile of ammunition. The slick little scheme was apparently cooked up by a prisoner named Bruno Amorim, the boyfriend of one of the women. All three officers involved were arrested, and the warden was brought in for questioning. Though he wasn't involved in the incident, he was on the premises at the time the event took place. Unfortunately for him, he was asleep on the job, which didn't look too good to his superiors.

A manhunt was initiated, and approximately half of the inmates were rounded up over the days that followed. Several hadn't made it too far from the prison, choosing to hit the nearest liquor store instead of vying for freedom. One was apprehended wandering around the town center, blind drunk and waving around one of the pilfered firearms. Another was found slumped over the wheel in a vehicle he had stolen; apparently he had crashed into a pillar on his way out of the driveway. Several of the prisoners, however, managed to make a clean break of it and have yet to be apprehended.

SEWER RATS

NEW YORK, JUNE 2015

Two convicted murderers, David Sweat (35) and Richard Matt (48), pulled off one of the most impressive prison breaks of the last century when they busted out of Clinton Correctional Facility this past June. A real-life *Shawshank Redemption*, the intricate and mind-boggling complexity of their breakout captivated the globe. Then further details started to emerge, and things got really weird.

A bizarre love triangle existed between the two men and prison seamstress Joyce Mitchell, who became the focus of a national scandal when it was revealed that she played a big role in getting her lovers the tools they needed for their escape. A thrilling 23-day manhunt ensued.

Located 20 miles from the Canadian border, Clinton Correctional in Dannemora, Upstate New York, is a sealed fortress nicknamed Little Siberia. The prison, which sits at the foot of the Adirondack Mountains, opened in 1845 to house convicts destined for the salt mines and later became home to some of America's most notorious criminals. Famous mobster Charles 'Lucky' Luciano spent a decade there, and it has counted Ol' Dirty Bastard, Tupac Shakur and Robert Chambers (The Preppie Killer) among its inmates. Clinton now houses a population of almost 3,000 prisoners, 91% of whom are serving lengthy sentences for violent and horrific crimes. Essentially, it's a brutal, unforgiving environment that by all accounts makes *Oz* seem like a day care center.

Only a small number of prisoners have managed to escape Clinton throughout the years, including a bank robber named Peter James, who spent four years tunneling out of the building in 1903. James fled through the sewer system that ran below the prison. Matt and Sweat escaped by similar means, but in the security-conscious, paranoid age in which we live, it's shocking that these two men were able to sneak out virtually unnoticed, let alone effect the lengthy, noisy process of cutting through the steel and concrete that stood between them and the outside world. This wasn't a small tunnel; it was a major construction project.

One of Joyce Mitchell's duties was to observe the prisoners as they made uniforms in the sewing rooms. Sweat and Matt were part of an honor program that allowed them more freedom than other inmates. Taking advantage of those benefits, Matt allegedly forged a sexual relationship with Mitchell, then had her carry out special favors for him. Mitchell later reportedly admitted sneaking in hacksaw blades, drill bits, a punch, chisels and power tools to the escapees.

The men were discovered to be missing on Saturday, June 6th, when the morning standing count took place and the alarm was raised. Matt and Sweat had managed to cut a neat hole in the walls of their respective cells, just behind the headboards of their beds. Neat, but sizable.

They had been practicing their escape for months, with Sweat (the slimmer, healthier of the two) making reconnaissance trips throughout the spring. Once the time was right, they used the oldest trick in the book and bundled clothes under their bedsheets to create dummies and fool the guards, who made bed checks every two hours. Crawling through the holes, they were able to maneuver along six-story-high catwalks and down to the ground floor until they reached a 24-inch-thick wall, which they carved through.

The daring duo then cut into and crawled through a 24-inch-thick steam pipe for approximately 400 feet to gain access to the sewer system. The sewer brought them to a manhole, out of which they climbed into the freedom of Dannemora's main street.

In a gesture of defiant glee, the perpetrators left behind a yellow Post-it note, depicting an Asian smiley face with "Have a nice day!" written below in delicate handwriting. This was probably Matt, who was known as a skilled prison artist. In fact, he gave a portrait of Mitchell's family to her shortly before the breakout, a gesture for which he received a pair of speedbag gloves.

While it's been alluded to that Sweat was also knocking boots with Mitchell, it's apparent that Matt maintained control of the relationship. Regarding Sweat's association with Matt, it is yet to be determined whether he fell under the category of partner, sidekick or prison wife.

Sweat was serving life without parole for the murder of Broome County Sheriff's Deputy Kevin Tarsia in 2002. Along with Jeffrey A. Nabinger Jr., Sweat shot the officer 15 times before running him over with a car in Grange Hall Park in Kirkwood, New York.

Matt was a different animal altogether. Having been institutionalized his whole life, he broke out of a group home when he was 14, >>

escaping on horseback. Reportedly charming and persuasive, he'd been in and out of prison a great deal and broken free on a number of occasions. He once escaped to Mexico, where he killed a man in a bar fight and was extradited back to the U.S. His 25-to-life sentence, for which he was sent to Clinton, was for the kidnapping, torture and murder of his 76-year-old former boss and neighbor, William Rickerson, whose dismembered corpse was found in a river in 2008.

An accomplice of Matt's, Lee E. Bates, described the event. They attacked Rickerson in his home before driving him out to the wilderness. The old man had a knife sharpener shoved into his ear, and Matt continually beat and bludgeoned him in an attempt to extort money. Bates went on to describe how the victim's fingers were forced back until they broke. Matt then snapped the man's neck with his bare hands. A hacksaw and a shovel were taken to the body and the pieces thrown into the Niagara River.

Clearly the community surrounding the prison was anxious when news of the inmates' escape was made public. Schools were closed for two days and reopened with a heavily armed police presence. The state placed a $100,000 bounty on their heads, and the world watched with bated breath as the hunt began.

The commander of the police search troop, Major Charles Guess (yes, Major Guess), had little to say for the first few weeks. The search continued to be unsuccessful, with endless repetition of the same inconsequential reports, and so the media focus shifted to Mitchell. She had been cooperating with authorities from the beginning, but was formally taken into custody and detained after several days of questioning.

It was during these interviews that the details of their arrangement emerged. Matt and Sweat had promised to kill Mitchell's husband, Lyle, and take her away with them as they all headed off into the sunset. Mitchell was supposed to be waiting for the prisoners in a getaway vehicle upon their escape, but had checked herself into a hospital instead, complaining of panic attacks.

Whether she backed out of the deal because of the alleged murder plot or the reality of the situation all became too much, we may never find out. Either way, she probably avoided being left in a garbage bag somewhere, dumped by Sweat and Matt once her usefulness had ended. All Mitchell claims she knew about their destination was that it would be a seven-hour journey. But she proved to be the ultimate media distraction from the fact that Sweat and Matt had managed to outwit the authorities for so long—the perfect *escapegoat*.

Several weeks after the incident, authorities were left scratching their heads, their futile search costing nearly $1 million per day. Over 800 individuals were combing the area in minute detail, and border patrols were put on high alert to stop the men from entering Canada or Mexico.

A strange twist in this case was the prurient focus the media placed upon Matt's skills as a lothario, with the *Washington Post* describing him as "dangerously charismatic." One retired detective, David Bentley, even went as far as to state on record that he'd seen the convict's gargantuan penis. "When [Matt's] cleaned up, he's very handsome and, in all frankness, very well-endowed. He gets girlfriends anyplace he goes," Bentley proclaimed to The Daily Beast.

Mitchell's first husband and childhood sweetheart, Tobey Premo, went on record damning her sexual past, citing that she cheated on him many times, including with Lyle Mitchell, the man she would eventually marry. "Sure she cheated on me. It wasn't just with Lyle, her husband now, but with another guy she worked with. I found out because his girlfriend came to me and told me about it." Premo informed the UK's *Daily Mail*, adding, "I could see her falling for someone in prison."

And it looked like the inmates she fell for had gotten away with it until, on June 26th, three weeks after the escape, Matt was shot in the head by police officers when he was discovered in the woods with a shotgun 20 miles from the Canadian border. He was, however, alone. The pair had gone their separate ways five days earlier.

Sweat was located and shot shortly after, but survived and has since been regaling the authorities with tales of their daring escape. According to him, it was Matt's drunken behavior, and the fact he was perpetually stoned, that led to the pair's falling out. Sweat insists his partner was slowing them down. Authorities claimed that when they shot Matt, they could smell booze off him several meters away. He was covered in bloody blisters and bug bites and had been hiding in an old camper for several days.

They got close to freedom, but old habits die hard, and it seems that Sweat and Matt just couldn't keep it together long enough to make that final break. It's almost a shame, seeing how much work they put into their escape.

CARTEL CONSPIRACY

MEXICO, JULY 2015

Just a few weeks after the death of Richard Matt, Joaquín "El Chapo" Guzmán Loera became the next big name to hit the news. His escape in July from the Federal Social Readaptation Center No. 1, a Mexican maximum-security prison (also known as the Altiplano Federal Penitentiary) overshadowed even the Dannemora breakout.

The leader of the most violent and powerful drug cartel in Mexico, the Sinaloa Cartel, El Chapo is the head of an organization that strikes fear into the hearts of anyone who comes into contact with it. The United States Department of the Treasury lists him as "the most powerful drug trafficker in the world," and he is also one of the richest men in Mexico, even garnering himself a spot on the *Forbes* World's Billionaires List.

The Sinaloa's orgies of death and retribution know no boundaries and exist in a world where domination and brutality is king. El Chapo's family, particularly his sons, maintain a heavy social media presence, often posing with their collections of big cats, solid gold automatic weapons and exclusive cars. The control exerted by the Sinaloa Cartel is almost immeasurable, as became clear when the authorities tried to lock up its beloved leader.

Prior to the most recent incarceration, El Chapo had been on the run for 13 years, after escaping prison in 2001, when he simply bribed his way out. It took a massive operation involving the DEA, U.S. Navy and the Mexican Authorities to recapture him, which they finally managed to do in February 2014, when he was sent to Altiplano. Fortunately for El Chapo, maximum security doesn't count for much when you're a billionaire.

El Chapo basically has an army behind him, plus the means to bribe even the loftiest of officials. So he was able to get assistance on a huge scale. His men acquired some land near the prison and threw up a few houses (or the facades of them), inside of which they began tunneling.

On July 11th the convict slipped out of a 30-foot-deep hole in his shower area, down into a mile-long underground tunnel that led to one of the buildings nearby. The partially-constructed building shielded the workers who would facilitate El Chapo's escape. The tunnel was started within the walls of the construct, and the majority of the work was carried out by hand, taking a year or more to complete. Fully ventilated and featuring lighting, this cavernous escape route **>>**

(continued on page 135)

THINK ABOUT IT.! IF YOU KILL ME, SHE'S GOING TO BE OUT HERE FUCKING EVERY MAN IN TOWN. WHILE YOU ROT IN PRISON!
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THE DIVINE DANICA DILLON

HUSTLER VIDEO: *BARELY LEGAL #109*, *THIS AIN'T AVATAR XXX* & *BARELY LEGAL ALL GIRL TOY PARTY*.

As an outspoken champion of family values and the Christian faith, I know a lot more about pornography than most people would suspect, so it takes a lot to impress me. But my prolific loins—four kids and counting!—were greatly satisfied when I recently came upon a heavenly XXX angel in the form of Danica Dillon. Lord, did I come upon her—multiple times and with great fervor. I first encountered Danica in *Barely Legal All Girl Toy Party*, a video celebration of women pleasuring themselves and each other with various devices. I immediately set aside the Ashley Madison profile that I had been updating, along with the admonishment against lesbianism contained in Romans 1:26-27. Watching this brunet vixen on all fours, rubbing her dung hatch while another woman drilled her sacred chamber with a plastic phallus, I must confess, I allowed my hands to engage in an activity more immediately gratifying than prayer. Intrigued by this new addition to my life, I sought out *Barely Legal #109*. Now, as many of you may know, the phrase *barely legal* suggests a variety of woman more ripe than I have been accustomed to in the past. But ageism be damned, along with my hypocritical soul. Watching Dani—yes, we're familiar enough for nicknames—finger her inner sanctum while slobbering upon the holy sacrament of her partner's blood-swollen pound of flesh, I groped at my belt buckle like it was a slumbering sister on a hot Arkansas night. Quickly becoming addicted to this enchantress, I acquired a copy of *This Ain't Avatar XXX*. As you'll recall, the film that inspired this title was met with opposition by fundamentalist Christians such as myself. However, I was drawn in by the visually stunning production values of this offering, as well as the visually stunning presence of Dani. Despite my theological quibbles with the video, I worked up a sturdy hard-on by channeling my violent urges, envisioning myself manhandling Dani like a rag doll, much like the humans planned to exploit the Na'vi in the original James Cameron film. My resulting orgasm definitely depleted the natural resources residing in my testicles. Danica Dillon is most certainly a savior worth giving your life over to—or at least sacrificing your family for, along with a career in reality TV. Now, if you'll excuse me, I have another religious-based "counseling" session to attend. Redemption, here I come! **—Anonymous**

DISCLAIMER: THE ABOVE REVIEW IS A PARODY AND WAS DEFINITELY, DEFINITELY NOT WRITTEN BY JOSH DUGGAR.

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THIS AIN'T AVATAR XXX

AXEL BRAUN'S FARMER GIRLS

WICKED PICTURES. DIRECTOR: AXEL BRAUN. STARRING: RILEY STEELE, KATRINA JADE, VALENTINA NAPPI, MILEY MAY, A.J. APPLEGATE, SCARLET RED, WILL POWERS, JAY CREW, ERIC JOHN, ALEC KNIGHT & EVAN STONE.

As far as sexual tropes go, farm girls haven't been terribly refreshing since *The Beverly Hillbillies* premiered in 1962—Elly May Clampett stepped onto the small screen with her bra-busting rack and skintight jeans, and gushers of bubblin' crude exploded in viewers' laps. But then porn has never met a cliché it didn't want to hump into the ground, so here we are with *Axel Braun's Farmer Girls*, an erotic paean to salt-of-the-earth-type women. At least as they can be envisioned in 2015, when even a girl from the smallest of towns seems to be born with a tramp stamp and a nipple piercing. The video starts off with a scene featuring Riley Steele and Katrina Jade. Between Steele's bolt-on tits and Jade's spiderweb face tattoo, the pastoral sapphic commingling challenges veracity. But if you're looking for realism on the rural sex front, try jacking off to the thought of Mama June from *Here Comes Honey Boo Boo*. As it is, this scene—which smartly parodies Carl's Jr.'s "controversial" ads—will work up an appetite. Valentina Nappi's Italian accent further strains the credulity of this endeavor, but at least her luscious melons and thick-thatched slit will also strain viewers' pants. *Axel Braun's Farmer Girls* will keep you down on the farm long enough to unzip and unload, but as with GMO-enhanced crops, you're wise to wonder if you're getting the real deal.

—Pico D. Ribibi

MILEY MAY

A.J. APPLEGATE

VALENTINA NAPPI

ADRIANA CHECHIK
& MEGAN RAIN

DANI DANIELS
& CHERIE DEVILLE

ANIKKA ALBRITE &
ABELLA DANGER

THE CUM EXCHANGE VOL. 2

JULES JORDAN VIDEO. DIRECTOR: WILLIAM H. STARRING: MEGAN RAIN, ADRIANA CHECHIK, CINDY STARFALL, KAYLANI LEI, DANI DANIELS, CHERIE DEVILLE, ABELLA DANGER, ANIKKA ALBRITE, MICK BLUE, JAMES DEEN, MANUEL FERRARA & PRINCE YAHSHUA.

As drought conditions continue to plague California, *The Cum Exchange Vol. 2*'s devotion to recycling precious fluids and developing alternate hydration methods is admirable. The video's premise is simple: Each scene delivers a pair of XXX vixens taking a thorough dong-drubbing, after which they regurgitate their partner's jizz into each other's yaps like mama birds feeding their young. Three cheers for making every drop count—and it doesn't hurt that the sex is hot enough to make the viewer stir up his own batch of groin-gruel. Beauties Megan Rain and Adriana Chechik grease each other's trenches with their tongues before some clown shows up to slobber all over their assholes. Asian sexpots Cindy Starfall and Kaylani Lei team up for a spit-soaked prick-thrashing from celebrity spunksman James Deen. Starfall double-stuffs her word-hole with Deen's crotch-hammer and Lei's foot in what might be the first documented example of a woman's mouth being just big enough. But all is not sperm-swapping bliss in this offering: There's far too much pre-scene tease, and the producers probably should have left Abella Danger at the circus sideshow. But on balance, *The Cum Exchange Vol. 2* offers a fair trade for a jackoff's hard-spent dollar. **—P.D.R.**

MY STEP MOM LIKES GIRLS

HUSTLER VIDEO. DIRECTOR: RICK DAVIS. STARRING: VIVIE DELMONICO, NATASHA VOYA, BRANDY ANISTON, MISHA CROSS, EVA ANGELINA, ADRIANA SEPHORA, VYXEN STEEL, ALEX TANNER, KACY LANE & JESSICA RYAN.

If you're of the mind-set that the family that lays together stays together, rejoice: *My Step Mom Likes Girls* vigorously fucks the knothole in the family tree, graphically exploring the carnal pleasures of living in a blended clan via a series of stepmother/stepdaughter fuck sessions. The quasi-incestuous festivities kick off with a tight-bodied blond stepmother treating her stacked stepdaughter to a trip to the spa, where the mani/pedis are skipped over for deep dildo cleanses. As with most of the couplings here, there doesn't seem to be a generation separating the girls. Guess we'll just have to assume that Daddy went for a trophy bride on his second ride on the marriage-go-round. Tattooed brunette Brandy Aniston thoroughly works over nubile plaything Misha Cross, roughly jamming her fingers into Cross's slit with alpha-bitch fervor. Cross gives as good as she gets, frigging her stepmom's twat like she's rubbing a genie's lamp. Redheaded brat Alex Tanner gets slut-shamed by stepmom Vyxen Steel before turning the tables and manically double-stuffing Steel with a pair of plastic cocks. By scene's end they kiss and make up, sucking on a pussy-slick dildo like they're taking hits off a peace pipe. *My Step Mom Likes Girls* is a relative joy. Order now by calling 800-763-8271 ext. 7675 or visit **HustlerStore.com**. **—P.D.R.**

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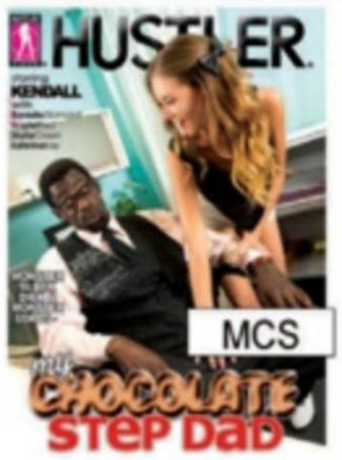

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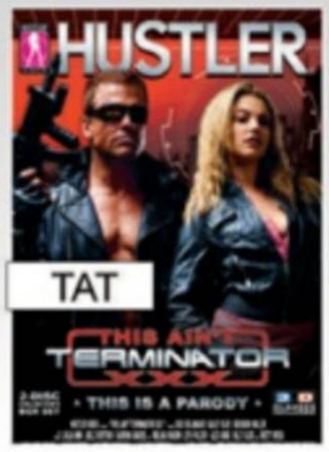

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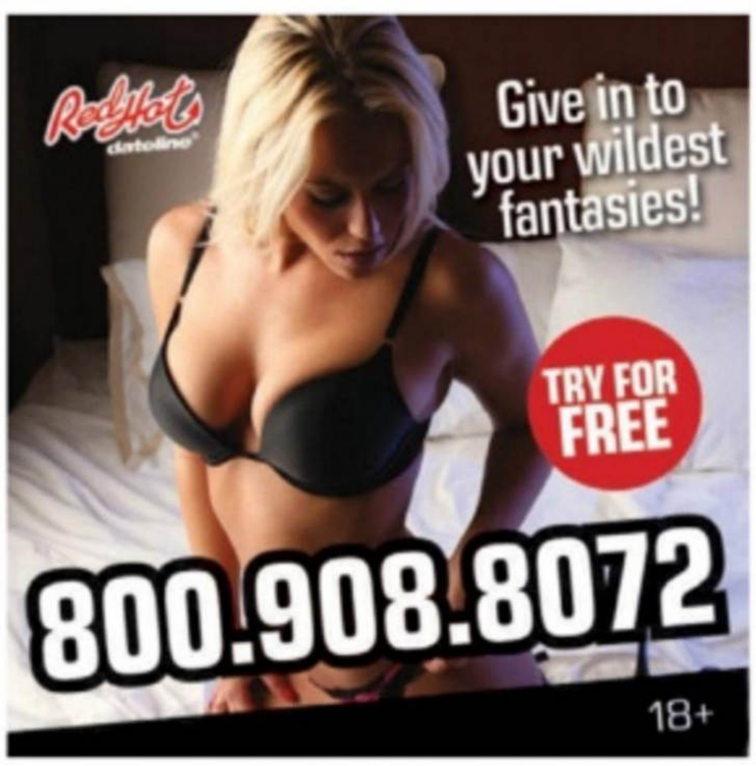
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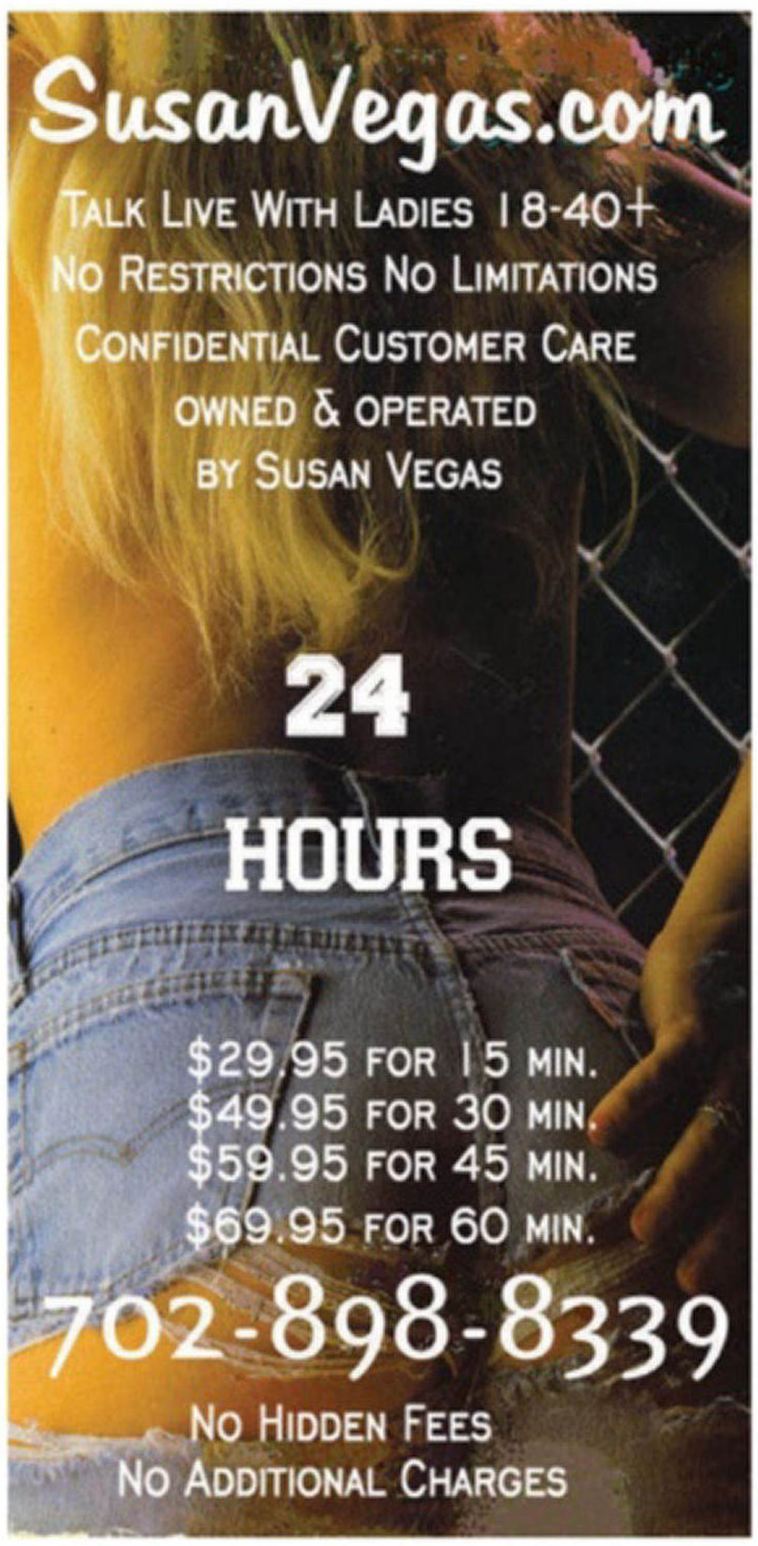
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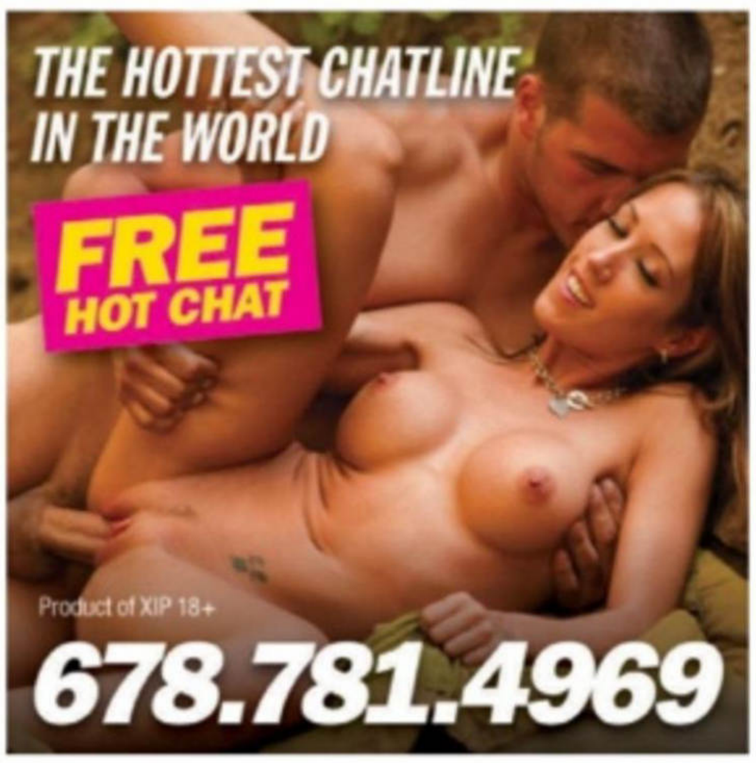
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I'm an only child, so I know how to entertain myself. Once I've perfected something, I want to move on to the next thing. I'm into photography. I skate, play volleyball. I want to do it all!"

I have a boyfriend, but it's not like he's attached to my hip. He's the one who encouraged me to try porn. People think that only children don't know how to be social, but I think the opposite. I had to learn early on how to talk to strangers and make friends. I know how to be myself for sure, but I have never lacked for companionship. It's a good thing my boyfriend isn't the jealous type!"

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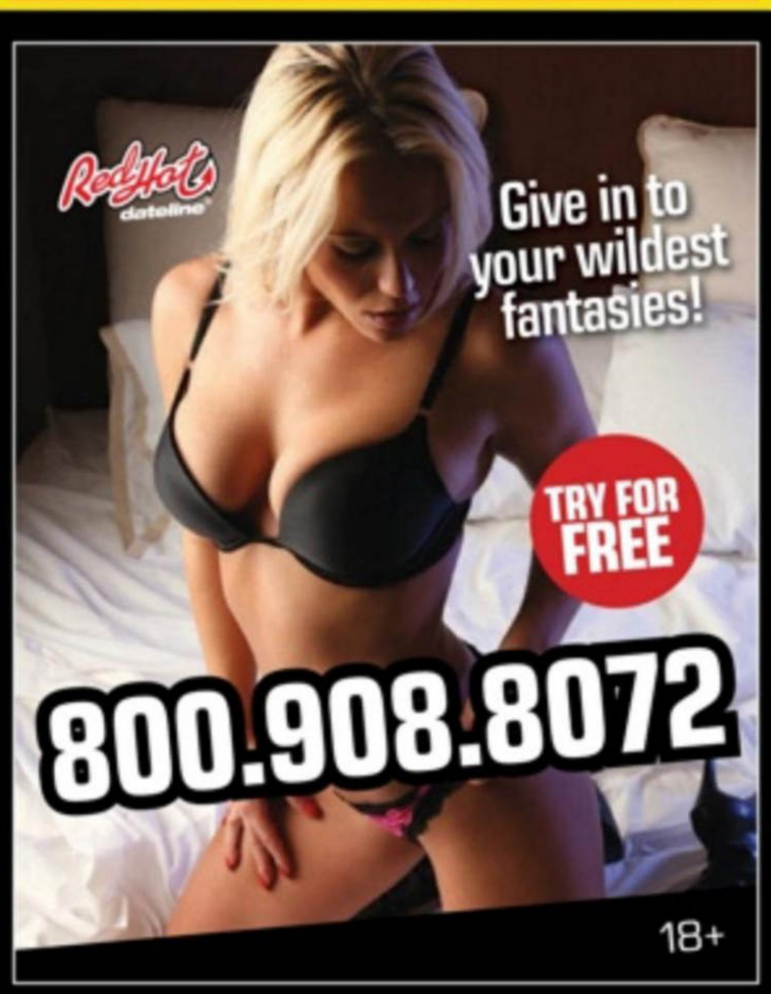

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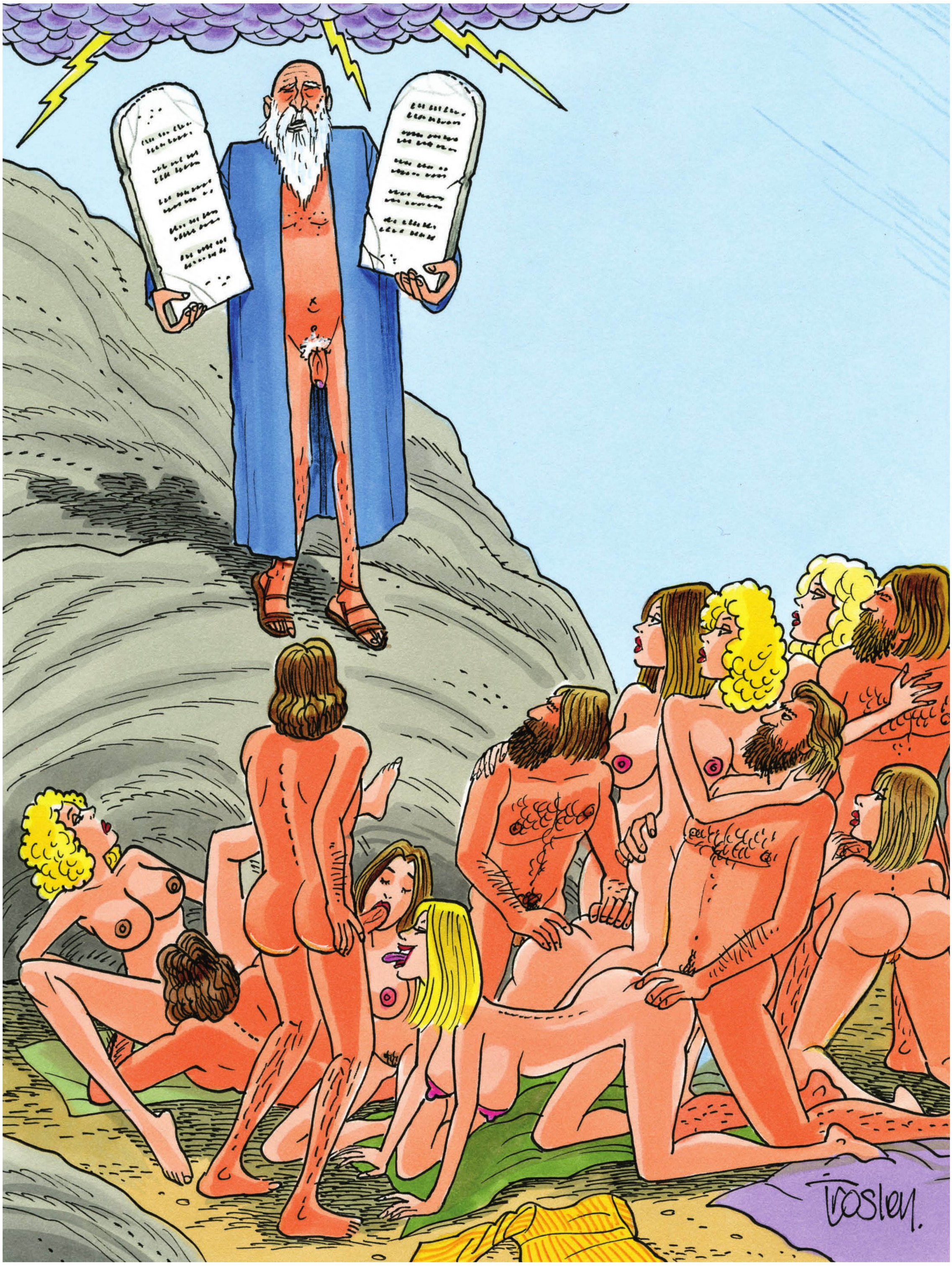

"The prick thinks we are too uninhibited and don't feel enough guilt..."

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Twitter.com/AmyPageBunny

AMY PAGE

February may be the Gregorian calendar's shortest month, but it squeezes in Groundhog Day, Valentine's Day, Presidents' Day and Amy Page's birthday. The 4-foot-11 denizen of Lafayette, Louisiana, will be blowing out 28 candles. "I'm nerdy, articulate, passionate, low-maintenance, free-spirited and sometimes silly," she rattles off. "My hobbies are painting, tweeting, playing video games and researching conspiracy theories online, but exploring the world of sex is my favorite activity." Amy—a big fan of Radiohead, *Doctor Who* and butt plugs—is a salacious multitasker: "If I'm watching a TV show or movie with a guy, I'll suck his dick and fuck the shit out of him before it's over." Amy's amorous prowess is amazing: "When alone, I can come without touching myself. With a partner, I can keep going and going. My endurance is almost endless. And I love anal because it's dirty and a little painful." Amy, whose claims to fame include having sex on a live radio show and a threesome with a celebrity couple, has a ribald fantasy: "I want to seduce a dentist, with a touch of laughing gas to add to the fun." *—Photos by Lance Kincaid*

“I have a thing for older men and multiple partners. I also like to explore peeing and other fetishes and get a nice spanking every so often to keep me...misbehaving.”

GABBY

"I'll make a great housewife one day," vows "outgoing and bubbly" Gabby, 19, from Dothan, Alabama. "I keep the house spotless, I drop to my knees to suck my boyfriend's dick the second he comes home, and I cook a great supper every day. Who wouldn't love that?" No wonder Gabby relates, "I'm kind, friendly, sweet and ambitious. I see those as some of the most attractive attributes in a person." The 5-foot-5 neophyte's lack of inhibitions is another fine attribute: "The idea of posing naked for a magazine I look at myself is quite a turn-on and pretty exciting." It figures that Gabby is an Instagram diehard, but she's also into volleyball, volunteering at a local dog shelter, metal music (especially Rob Zombie) and every Beaver's favorite pastime: "I lost my virginity on my 18th birthday, so I've only had a year of practice, but I'm hooked on sex and can't ever get enough. Letting a man dominate me is my favorite. I absolutely love being face-fucked! Sucking dick gets me soaking. I love the feeling of a hard, throbbing cock in my throat." Gabby goes on to confide, "I love anal because I'm so submissive and have a really tight ass. My all-time favorite position has to be me in doggy-style being fucked by a huge cock while I suck on a beautiful girl's perfect, tiny nipples and finger her pussy till she squirts while I come. I'm wickedly bi." Gabby is already a baredevil to boot: "One of my biggest fantasies is fucking in an elevator. The idea of having sex anywhere in public and possibly being caught excites me very much. Turning other people on really does it for me and keeps me horny almost 24/7." Getting horny, folks? *—Photos by Friend*

"I love the feeling of having my tight ass filled with a throbbing cock and taking a huge load. Just the thought of it gets me wet!"

SHELLIE KINDEL

Valentine's Day is celebrated in February, but Shellie Kindel, 37, from Tomball, Texas, is diligently romanced year-round. "I'm lucky to have a husband who treats me like a princess and spoils the crap out of me," she marvels. Being a Beaver is her crowning achievement. "When I was in my teens," the 5-foot-5 baking buff recalls, "I discovered the stack of HUSTLERs my dad kept stashed in his closet. Every time I had the house to myself, I'd make a beeline for them. Since then, appearing in HUSTLER Magazine has been at the top of my bucket list!" Shellie—whose motto is "Get off your asses and live large!"—is a true-blue exhibitionist: "I didn't get 64,000 followers on Twitter by taking pictures only in my bedroom! Local merchants give me some pretty strange looks when I ask if it's cool to get naked and shoot pics in their stores. But what the hell? I love being naked in public—mechanic shops, junkyards, parks, hanging off of hotel balconies." Hanging with Shellie is a blast—and not just in the sack: "Hubby gets spoiled too," she explains. "Blowjobs during commercial breaks, a handie in the kitchen, a quickie in the family bathroom at a movie theater." Shellie's bucket list is now topped by "fucking one of my Twitter followers while hubby takes pictures." *—Photos by Husband*

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LEILA

"The best way to meet someone is when you are naked," reckons this "outgoing and happy-go-lucky" Eskimo from Palmer, Alaska. "Hello, HUSTLER readers. I hope you get turned on looking at my pictures. Modeling nude for the first time was a lot of fun." Unlike some of her *Beaver Hunt* cohorts, 20-year-old Leila isn't considering an adult-industry career, but the "family-oriented kind of gal" sure has potential. "I want to be a detective," she says. "I like the thrill of a good chase." But it seems the 5-foot-1 hunting, fishing and snow skiing enthusiast has been caught in the romantic sense. "I'm a very good girlfriend," bi-curious Leila proudly announces. "I take good care of my boo." And her vagina, which she's given a unique nickname: "I shave Keke because I like it smooth." Leila, a Rihanna and Justin Bieber fan whose wildest sexcapade was "on the side of a highway in bushes," is game for a truly chilling lay: "My fantasy is having sex on an iceberg." *—Photos by Kickback Productions*

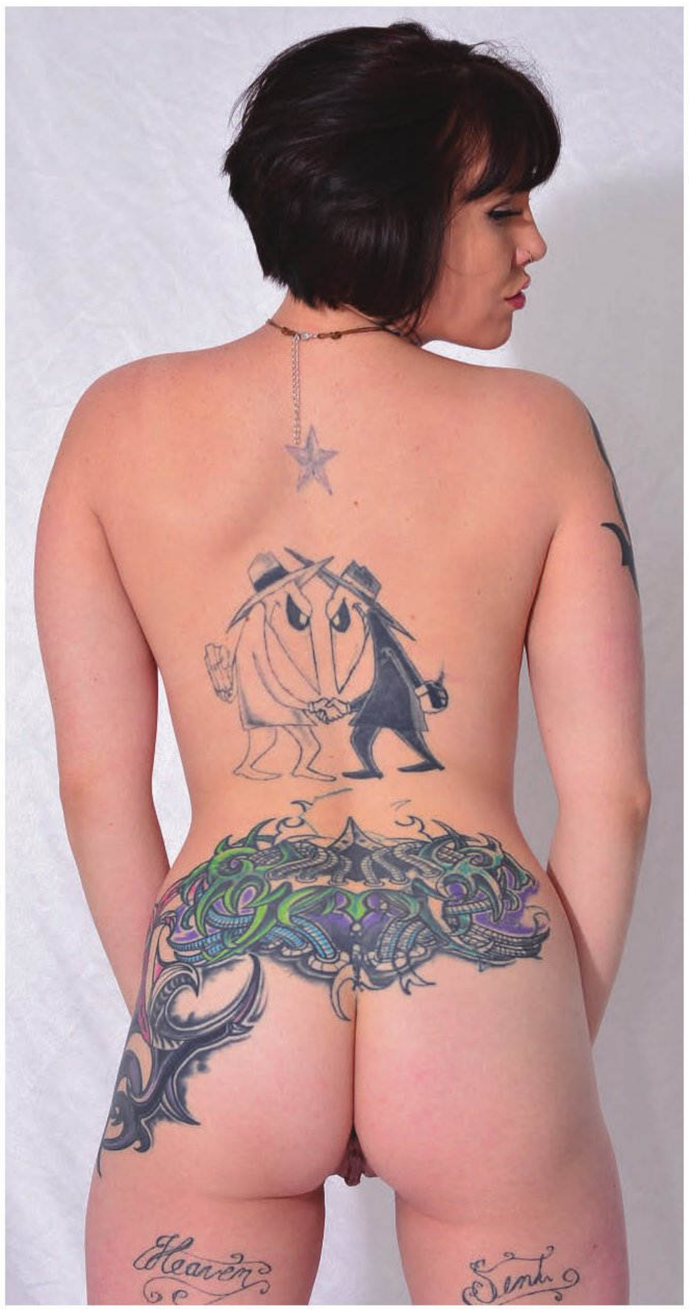
“I love Eskimo kisses; they’re so spiritual.”

BREE

"I wanted to be nude in HUSTLER because nudity kicks ass!" howls Bree, 26, a "frisky and open-minded Mormon" from Bountiful, Utah. "I just had to show the world the gold mine I'm sitting on. My pussy is *so-o-o-o* soft and pettable that I can't keep my hands off her." As eye candy and a sex aficionada, the 5-foot-3 newbie unequivocally kicks ass. "I'm a stripper," Bree reveals. "I love dancing and meeting new people, especially couples. That's true love." She has other kicks too: "My hobbies are traveling, reading, fucking, masturbating and reading about fucking," Bree elaborates, but oral sex is also on her menu. "When I'm giving head, I've found the best way is using the back of my throat. I'll choke on that dick till it's slippery and slimy. And big dicks don't scare me at all. I'm always up for a challenge. One time I cracked my head open sucking dick upside down. I wanted to keep going, but I was bleeding too much. I had to get stitches." Bree's down to tell us more: "I'm a total perv when I'm around pretty girls, and I'm a sucker for thick thighs. But no matter who I'm with, I like to wiggle my ass, and eye contact is fuckin' hot." So's Bree, especially when she isn't wearing a stitch.

—Photos by Almost Sinful Production

"One of my fantasies is to be fucked by a female complete stranger in a back alley."



"It was *so-o-o-o* crazy driving around in my car one night. I was naked and telling a city bus driver to honk his horn. I have no shame."

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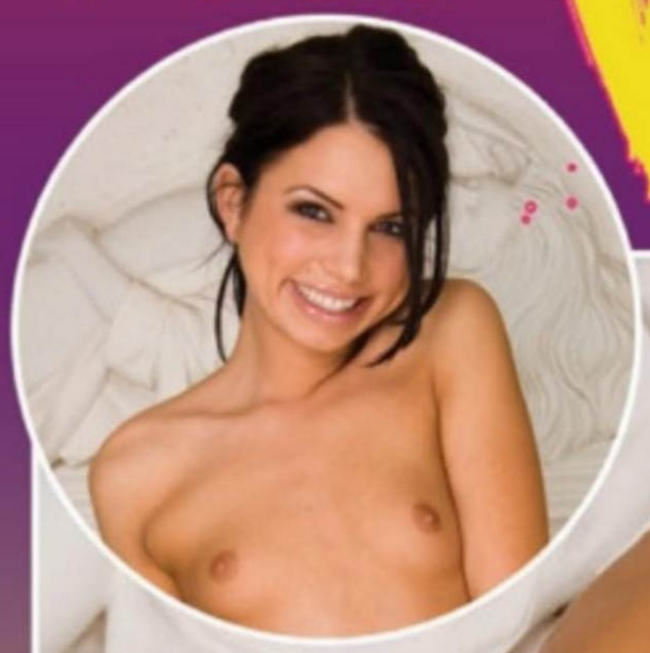

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AUGUST 2001

PHOTOGRAPHY
BY CLIVE McLEAN

Our husbands think we're in Vegas for the Amway convention," raven-haired **Jasmine** giggles, throwing her knees apart.

"Don't tell them that!" **Judith** hisses, working two fingers into her accomplice's steaming trench.

"Mine looks at HUSTLER all the time; I need plausible deniability."

"Huh?" **Jasmine** grunts, closing her eyes and arching her back.

The chesnut-tressed schemer scrubs her tongue on **Jasmine**'s muff and shrugs. "I'm gonna tell Morty that we must be two other girls."

(continued from page 79)

measured an impressive four to five feet in height by 30 inches in width, and is thought to have cost millions to construct. A drop in the ocean for a drug lord of this caliber.

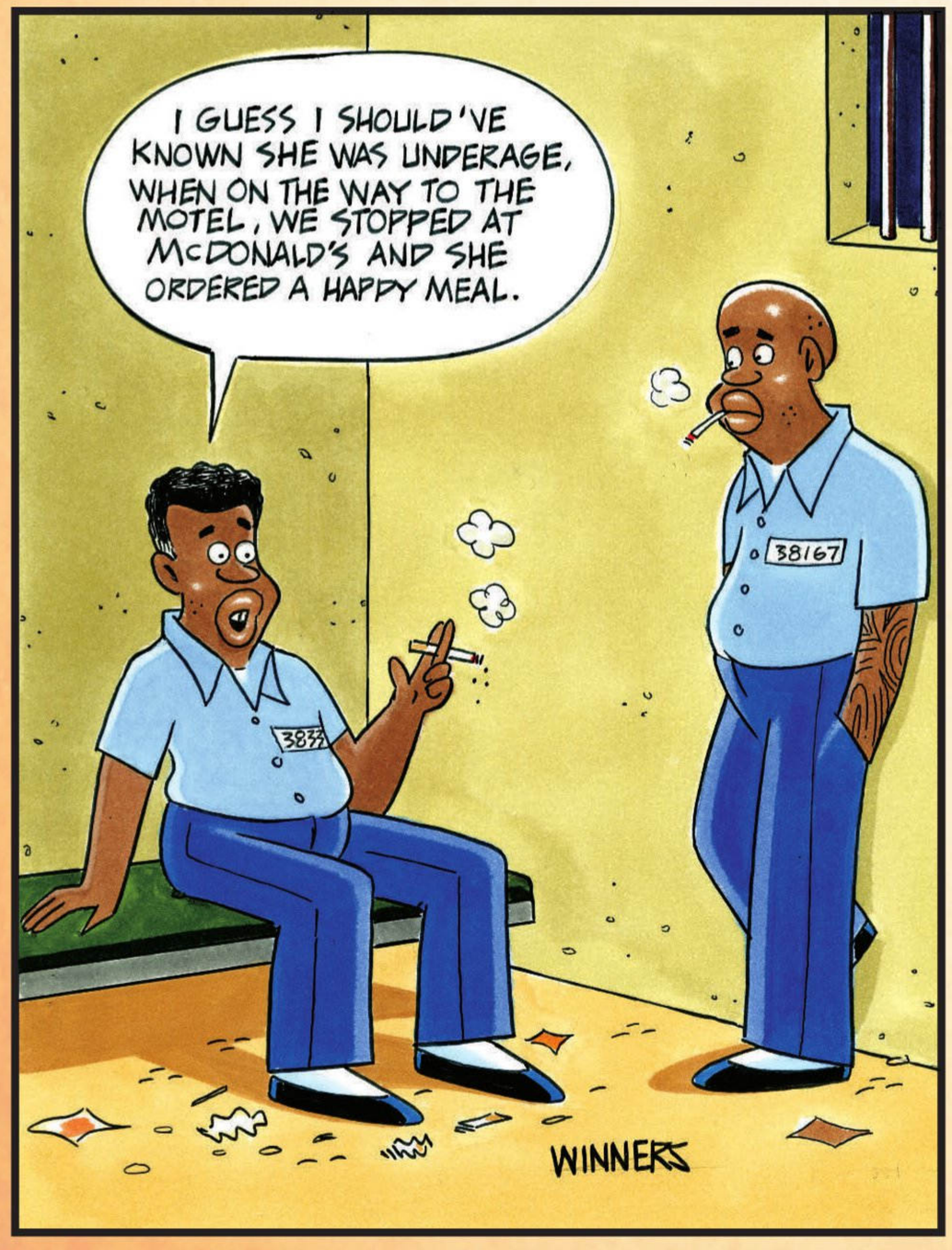
It's assumed that detailed plans of the prison would have been required to locate El Chapo's cell, and that satellite navigation devices would also have been essential in pinpointing his location within the penitentiary walls. Due to the sheer length of the tunnel, El Chapo was provided with a miniature cart, powered by a modified motorbike engine, with which he sped through the cavernous tunnel in about seven minutes. It took the guards who were chasing him almost an hour to do the same journey on foot.

El Chapo's minions are experts at tunneling, with several reported large-scale operations in place beneath the U.S. border, through which they smuggle marijuana, cocaine, methamphetamine and heroin into the United States. El Chapo had served only 17 months of his latest sentence before being sprung.

The case has provoked calls of serious corruption, reaching shockingly high levels of power. El Chapo's escape has thoroughly humiliated the Mexican government, which has offered a $3.8-million reward for his capture, but the man has the means to stay hidden for years to come.

On August 31st, however, one of his sons may have landed him in hot water when he posted an image on his Twitter page that appears to show El Chapo dining with him. The trouble is that Alfredo Guzmán forgot to turn off his location settings, and now the authorities have turned their attention to Costa Rica. Of course, this could also be an elaborate ruse to throw the search team off El Chapo's scent.

The hunt, it seems, is not over yet. Breaking out of prison may be tricky, but staying out is the real test. H



GREAT ESCAPEES

JOHN DILLINGER (1903–1934)

Bootlegger, bank robber, gangster and gentleman folk hero Dillinger was one of the most sought after criminals of the Depression era. Helming several gangs, he was a regular prison escapee. In 1933 he was sprung from the clink by his associates in Lima, Ohio, who killed a guard to enter Dillinger's cell. Five months later, serving time in Crown Point on a murder charge, he forced his way out of jail brandishing a wooden gun he had carved. Dillinger survived on the run for quite some time, continuing his crime wave until 1934, when he died in a shootout with the FBI outside the Biograph Theater in Chicago. He had just seen the Clark Gable gangster picture *Manhattan Melodrama*.

JACQUES MESRINE (1936–1979)

France's Robin Hood was known as the Man of 1,000 Faces, due to his ever-changing appearance. A smuggler, bank robber, assassin and thief, Mesrine's glamorous lifestyle became one of France's most talked about stories in the '70s, and the government grew determined to stop him at all costs. He escaped numerous Canadian penitentiaries using old-fashioned means such as wire cutters, once even returning to the scene of the breakout to try and help other prisoners follow him. His escape from the Parisian maximum security facility La Santé, however, became the stuff of legend. Using a grappling iron, a gun and stolen keys, Mesrine and his accomplice François Besse became the first men to escape the prison. The Man of 1,000 Faces met his end when he was gunned down in an ambush by police in 1979.

TED BUNDY (1946–1989)

Serial-killing necrophiliac Ted Bundy managed to escape incarceration on more than one occasion. Acting as his own attorney in 1977, Bundy was allowed to visit the courtroom library without being restrained. So he simply jumped out of a second-story window and made his way up nearby Aspen Mountain. He stayed in hunting lodges and avoided capture for six days before being pulled over in a stolen car. Back in prison, Bundy carved a small hole in the ceiling of his cell and slipped into a crawlspace. From there he broke through the ceiling into the jailer's office, stole clothes and made his way out the door and all the way to Florida. He remained on the run until February '78, when he was arrested after a sorority house rampage. Bundy was executed in 1989.

BILLY HAYES (BORN 1947)

Convicted of attempting to smuggle two pounds of hashish out of Turkey, American citizen Billy Hayes was cast into a violent, hateful system of incarceration. Spending five years behind bars, he was transported to the island prison of İmralı. From the island he swam to a nearby harbor, from which he escaped by rowboat, making his way to Greece in 1975. It took months for him to make his way back to the States. Hayes' story was immortalized in the 1978 film *Midnight Express* and a memoir of the same name. He currently tours a spoken-word version of the events.

JOHN McVICAR (BORN 1940)

England's very own Public Enemy No. 1, McVicar was a notorious bank robber and gangster in the '60s. He escaped from Durham prison, where he broke through a shower room wall, replacing the missing bricks with replicas that he'd constructed from paper. This allowed him to make his way across the roof of the exercise yard and out of the building in October 1968. He simply jumped over the prison wall and made a dash for freedom. He spent over a year on the run before his recapture and was eventually released on parole in 1978. He now works as a journalist. Roger Daltrey, lead singer of The Who, played McVicar in an eponymous 1980 film, for which he also provided the music.

COMING SOON

GO WITH THE FLOW

Find out what happens when you fuck on the best drug cocktail known to man—and it's made right in your brain, no dealer required. Bonus: Superstars Missy Martinez and Chanel Preston explain how getting into a flow state can help a gal do things like put two cocks in one hole.

THUNDER SNOW CONE

Straight out of Philly, this titty-jiggling, mouth-sticking burlesque troupe is storming the country one clown-fearing town at a time. On the eve of their "Escape the Pope Tour," Thunder Snow Cone lets HUSTLER preview its wildest act ever.

BONNIE ROTTEN BIG BOOB BOUNTY HUNTER

Bonnie's back, and she's fucking all prisoners. Dressed in leather and packing one of the best bodies in the business, she's ably assisted by a bevy of horny blond assistants. We surrender.

ALLI RAE

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